THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXI.—No. 1568

JANUARY 3, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

The New Humour—by "Bystander" Artists : "Murderous Marriages" : Parties, People, Pictures

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Soothes and sustains.
326

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

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COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).
"LADY FOR A DAY" (Apple Annie),
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Also "MICKEY'S TENT SHOW" and "MOTHER GOOSE LANE," a Comedy Cartoon.

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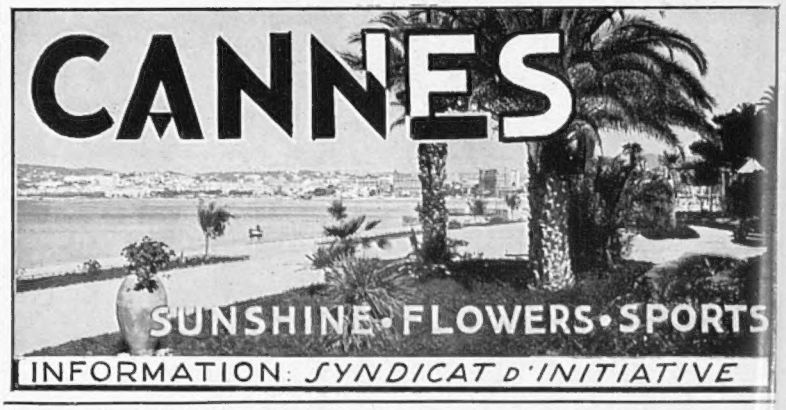
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, St. Leonards-on-Sea
The sunniest, sheltered corner of the glorious Sussex coast to speed the convalescent to health . . . And an hotel conspiring with the climate to give you every conceivable comfort and aid, managed so that everyone has the enjoyment and quiet of a luxurious private house. Central and electric heating. Hot and cold water to all rooms. Excellent cuisine.
Inclusive service from 4½ gns. *'Phone : Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS AND RESORTS



ROQUEBRUNE—CAP MARTIN HOTEL VILLA SEVIGNE
Five minutes from the Casino. Beach—Garage—Every modern convenience.
From Fs. 35 up

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

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Hotel Beau Rivage.—Open all year round. Full South. First-class. Terms from Fs. 50.

Hotel des Etrangers.—Sunny rooms with full pension from Fs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

Hotel and Restaurant Rf.—Carte and prix fixe. Moderate prices. Best cooking. Renowned cellar. From 50 Frs. incl.

Royalty Bar.—Park. Palace. Terrace. The smartest rendezvous for cocktail time. Afternoon tea. Guido & Francis.

Royal Hotel. — All comforts. Full South: garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension fm. Fs. 60. A. Crettaz, Man. Prop.

Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opposite Casino, Gardens, Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75.

Hotel Windsor. — Open all year round. First-class family hotel. Large garden. Moderate terms.

Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hotel.—200 rms. on sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Pens. 65 Fs. No taxes.

ITALY.

Alassio (Italian Riviera).—Pension "Villa Carlotta." Eng. cmfts. Hot & cold running wt. in every rm. Gar. Cen. htg. Mod. prices.

SICILY.

Palermo—Villa Igiea.— On the sea front. Large park. Golf links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lires.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind. Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lires.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open-air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. — First class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu (A.M.) The Carlton.—Full South. Large shelt. gdn. Win. tms. from Fr. 40. All cmft.—Summer, Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet.

Hyères.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquet. Inclusive rates from Fs. 65. C. Borgo, Mangr.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin, rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Nice (Alp. Mart.)—Terminus Hotel.—Facing Station—Full South. Quite up-to-date.

Nice.—Villa Kleber, rue François Aune. Anglo-Amer. Mngmt. Cent., nr. sea, quiet; all cmft.; gdn., excel. cooking. Frs. 35 up.

Toulon (Var) Le Prieuré de Lamalgue.—Fcg. sea at Mourillon. Every cmf.; lge. gdn., tennis, garage. Special terms for long stay.

Versailles—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

CANNES.

Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Hotel Beau Lieu—Family Hotel in own grounds. Quiet. Overlooking Town, Tennis and Sea. Moderate. Aeschliman, Prop.

Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Pullman Car to Golf and Casino.

CANNES—*continued.*

Carlton Hotel.—On the Croisette. 400 rooms with bth-rm. Open-air Res. and Bar. Priv. beach. 7 Tennis crts. 2 Squash racket crts.

Hotel Miramar.—300 rooms all with bath. The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable. Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Fs. 50.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

MENTON.

Hotel des Anglais.—Its famous Pergola Restaurant on the sea. Every possible comfort from 3½ gns. per week inclusive.

Hotel Annonciata.—Sunniest, driest sit., unriv. views, lov. garden, home comf., libr., garage. Open all year. Sterling quotation.

Florida Cyrnos.—Full South. British clientele. All modern comfort. Garden. Inclusive terms from Fs. 30.

Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Fs. 55. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Royal & Westminster Hotel, on sea front. Full South. 100 yards from new Casino. Terms from 5 gns. weekly.

Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central. Sunny. In own park. From Fs. 50.

Winter Palace.—
High-class
though inexpensive.

The Bystander, January 3, 1934

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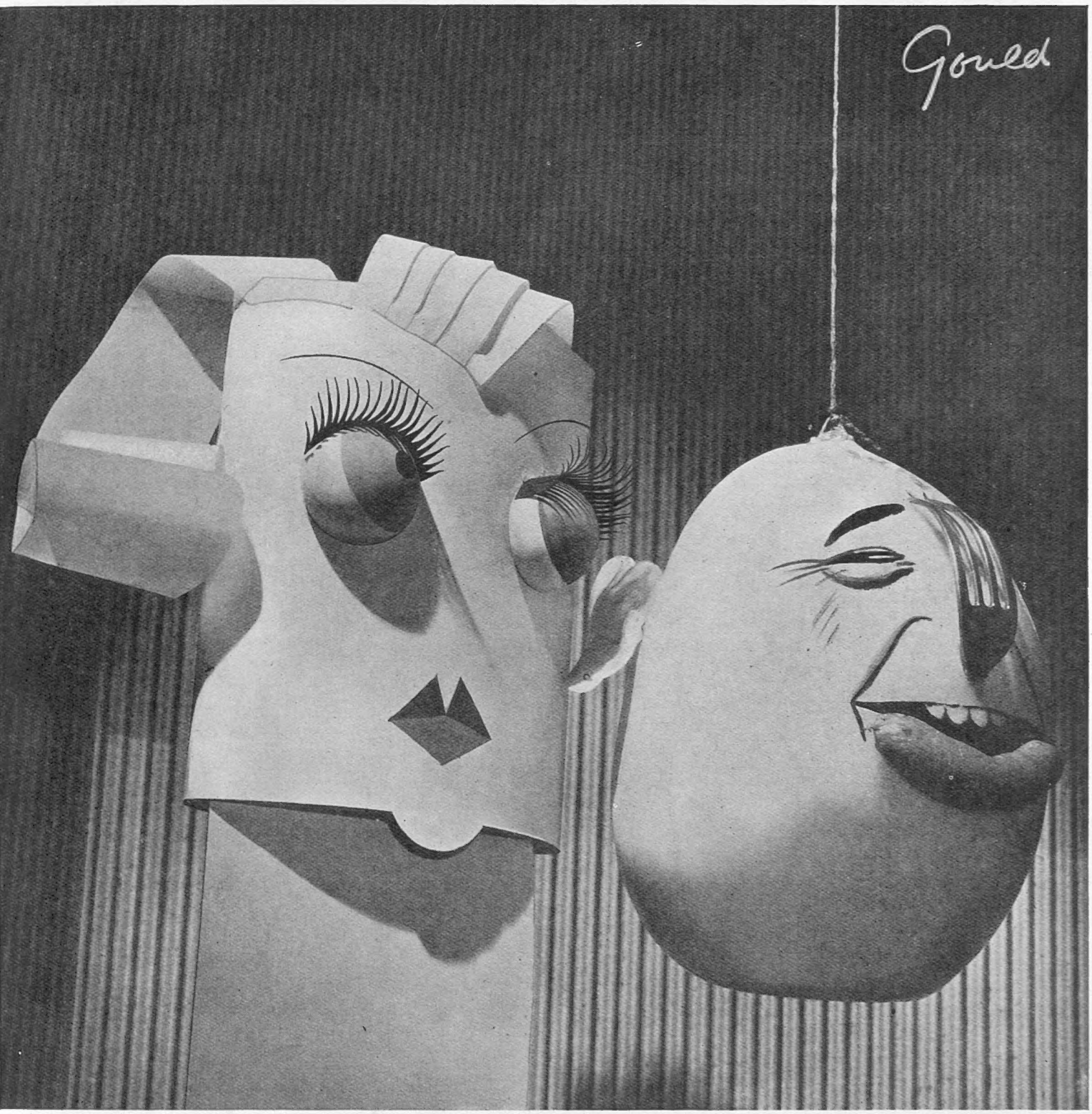
The BYSTANDER

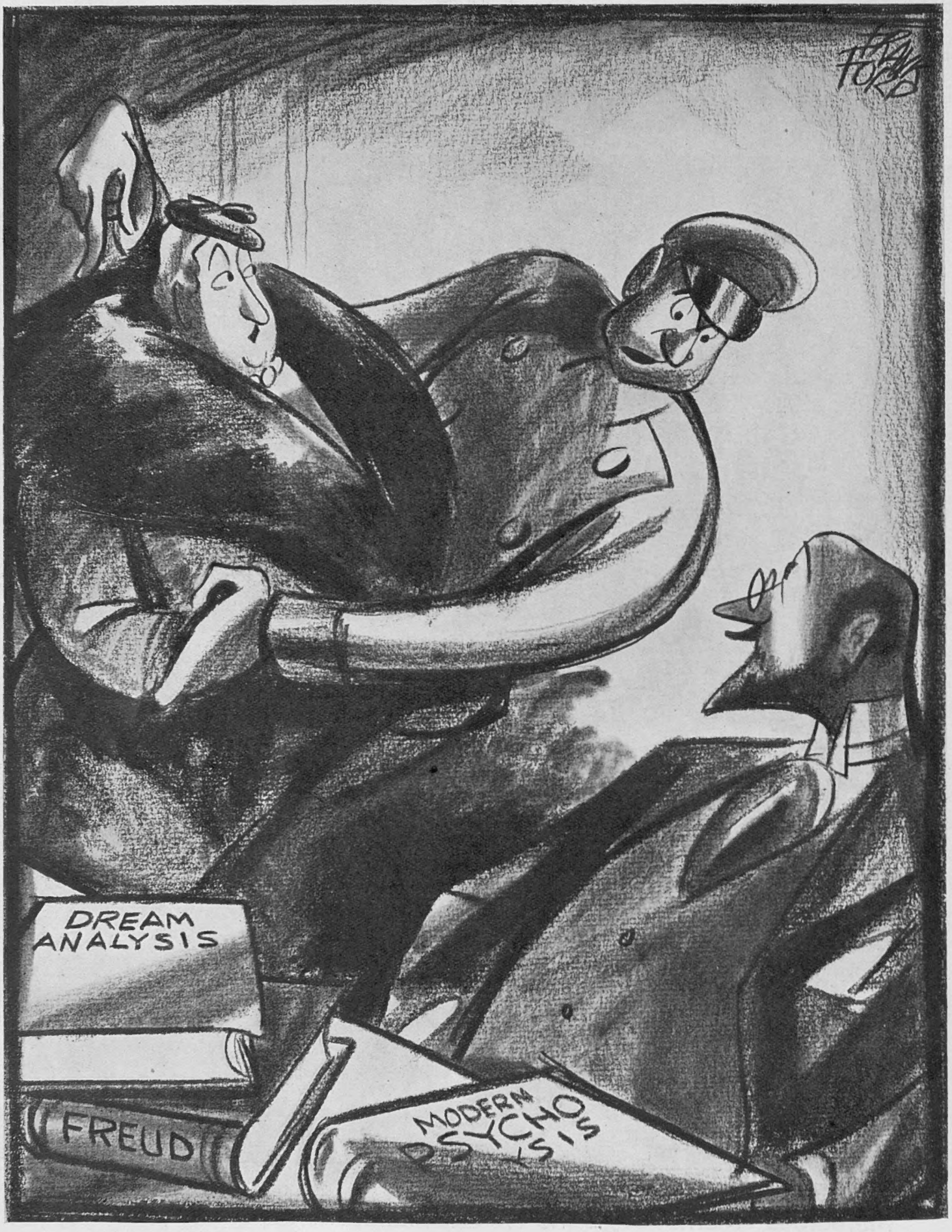


Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 8. Constance Bennett and Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett

The first of the "Murderous Marriages" in the New Year arranged by our unconventional artist is between Constance Bennett, the fair-haired, blue-eyed film-star, and Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, Kt., K.C., Recorder of Colchester. Constance's face is composed of cardboard, paper, and a couple of ping-pong balls; while for Sir Henry the artist has collected a bag of lard, two small sausages, a fork, and a sea-shell



"Doctor! Can you do anything for Miss Tuttle here? She keeps on wanting to mother me!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

The Chain Gang

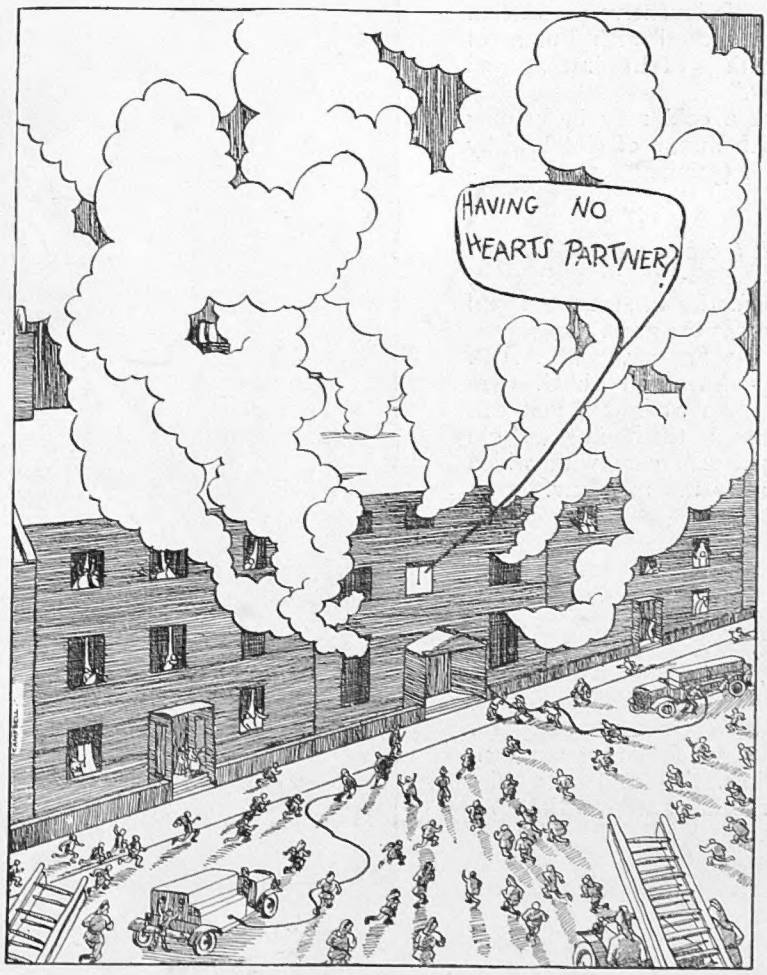
WE wonder if you realise, lovely readers, the difficulties under which those of us who produce this journal for your express delectation have had to labour during Christmas. There were no festivities for us. No merry cries of delight as we opened our parcels. No champagne and pâté de foie gras de Strasbourg. Our life was one long round of toil. Locked into our cells in the basement of Inveresk House, we were aroused by the Sirens (no, no, we don't mean them. We mean hooters) at 6 a.m. and paraded for fountain-pen inspection. Then, after a bowl of gruel and a rusk, we were marched off to our desks and set down to the production of our stuff. Day after day this went on, until at last about three complete numbers of this delicious weekly had been entirely written, and then we were released on ticket-of-leave to stagger away to our homes. This is what is technically known in political circles as the Freedom of the Press.

Yule-tide Afterthought

THEY also serve who will not stand the Waits.

On a Plate

THE Parliament boys are simply handing us little paragraphs these days. Following quickly upon the discovery of rats under the Treasury Bench (by the way, we wish to contradict very emphatically the rumour that a trap was set and that Mr. Hore Belisha was caught in it) comes the news that all the lights went out and "The Commons were in complete darkness." We won't go on about it. You see the idea. Now go ahead and make a few wisecracks about it yourselves. It does remind us, however (and, incidentally, that is one of the most foolish examples of the use of the word "however" that we have seen for some time), of the famous practical joker who went to the offices of the Local Government Board and said that he had come from the Electricity Company. He apologised for the trouble that the company was going to cause, but it was compelled to turn off the current for an hour at 5 p.m., and he had been sent round to warn the Board to buy candles. The Board thanked him very much and sent out to buy about ten thousand candles, but at 5 p.m. the electric lights went on burning just as usual.



A Thrilling Sight

SO Ian Smith has retired at last from international "Rugger," and we shall never again see the thrilling sight of the Flying Scotsman, with his head thrown back and the ball under his arm, going with giant strides for the line. He was the greatest of all post-war wing three-quarters, and even the ranks of Tuscany could not help cheering when Phil Macpherson slipped his man and threw out a long pass to the racing Smith. They were great personalities, those two, and in these days of standardisation and rationalisation, great personalities are growing fewer and fewer.

A Giant "Blurb

THE art of raising "blurbs," that is to say, the publishers' boost upon the jacket of a book, is becoming more and more scientific every day. Our colleague who does the book page came across one the other day in which the writer of the blurb obviously had not read the whole book himself. Now we have found a

"There's some mistake. I'm here for appendicitis!"

good one, written by the authoress in person. Mrs. Amanda Ros announces, of her new book, *Fumes of Formation*, that "this inventive production was hatched within a mind fringed with Fumes of Formation, the Ingenious Innings of Inspiration, and Thorny Tincture of Thought."

We ourselves, feeling that a cold may be coming on, are fringing ourselves with Fumes of Hot Whisky and Ammoniated Tincture of Quinine.

A Historic Club-House

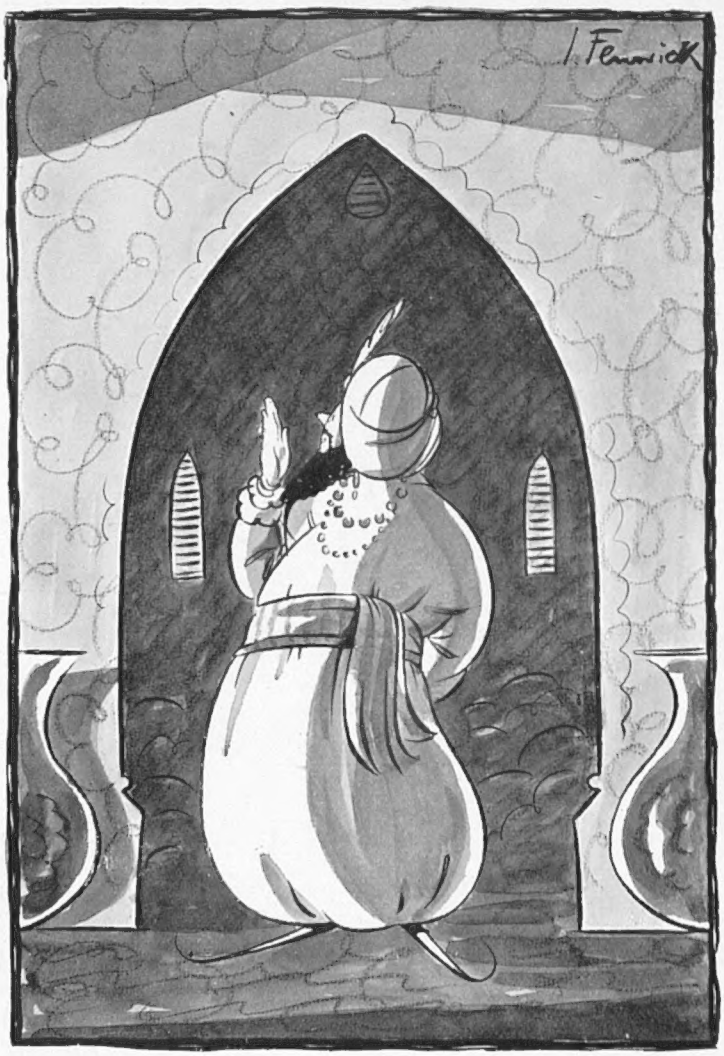
OLD-TIME golfers will shed a tear at the news that fire has destroyed the club-house at Princes, Mitcham. It was full of memories of statesmen and lawyers and magnates, for it was the great rendezvous of the Parliamentary Golfing Society, and A.J.B. and Mr. Asquith and Bonar Law and Ll. G. were often to be seen on the common where the golf was played. No one who played there in the old days will ever forget the paternal care with which John, the steward, looked after the members.

More About the Monster

"MANY of the witnesses are cautious people," says a contemporary which is more renowned for its circulation than for the profundity of its quill-driving boys, "and trained observers, such as piermasters and schoolmasters, who are not likely to let their imaginations run loose." We have made some enquiries into the qualifications necessary for the mastership of a pier, and we find that our contemporary is right this time. To master a pier properly, caution and observation are essential. At one seaside resort, for instance, a candidate for the mastership was rejected because he did not observe that the pier had been blown away in a gale, and, at another, a piermaster who confessed to the Watch Committee that the sight of all the "cuties" on his pier made his imagination run loose, was instantly and rightly dismissed. Yes, if a piermaster has seen the Monster, that clinches it. By the way, we took the trouble to verify Mr. Charles Laughton's alibi. It is quite O.K. Cast-iron, in fact, to use a term that detective-novelists are fond of applying to these tricky little avenues of escape from the scaffold.

Sinister Discovery

WE, who spend hours every day (all the hours, in fact, when they are not open) in thinking solely of the Public Weal, have unearthed a secret plot that is going on in our very midst. An extraordinary series of secret cyphers is being published every day in the evening papers, and everyone knows that no one is such an ass as to waste money on putting cypher messages into the papers unless he is up to no good. Cyphers only mean one thing. A Master Criminal (complete with Gang) is using all his Giant Brain to destroy civilisation, and for this purpose is luring all kinds of people, especially slim girls with hair the colour of corn and a dancing light in their pale-grey eyes, to basements in Ratcliff Highway and semi-detached bijou residences near Shooter's Hill. Just glance at this sinister message



"GOOD-night, everybody, GOOD-night!"

"Must have been someone you've eaten"

and see if I am not right. By the way, owing to a careless bit of sub-editing, it has been put in the Whist Drive Column instead of the Master-Criminals' Announcements Column :—

"Ladywell B'ths. To-n'ht. Gt. Plty. Dve. 10 gns. Top. J'nts, Veg., W'ky, W'ne, P'ds., Cigs., E'vy P'ze, 2s. Min., £1, Tky., 5s., Tky., 5s., Wine, 3d., A. and G. Turkey for Comb. Score."

Now, if that isn't sinister. Dash us, if we ever read anything so frightening. Catch us going within a mile of Ladywell B'ths to-n'ht.

Play the Game, Aliens!

WE are all in favour of welcoming strangers to these hospitable shores, but we do feel very strongly that they ought to comport themselves with modesty, delicacy, and courtesy during their visits. Judge, therefore, of our indignation when we read in our evening paper a few days ago the following headline : "Aliens Order Charge Against a Polish Rabbi." Who are these aliens that they should come over here and start ordering this and that ? By what right do they order people to charge against another unfortunate alien ? And what sort of a charge was it ? As right-thinking men and women we protest most solemnly against this outrage, whether it was a charge with fixed bayonets or a summons to appear before a magistrate or a bill for goods, and we call upon the Home Office to reprimand these high-handed aliens very sharply indeed. It is a step in the right direction that the affair has been put in the hands of a detective-sergeant called Fury.

Fun and Games

THE Army has just published a book called *Games and Sport in the Army*. By heavens, we know all about that. When we joined the Colours in defence of Something or Other against Something or Other, we found that the professionals were experts at a great variety of games. Pontoon, Crown-and-Anchor, and House were some of them. "Souveneering" was another, and cooking a ledger, and faking a horse, dodging a fatigue, and wangling a leave, all these were fine old military pastimes that we had to learn. Then there was passing the buck, swinging the lead, scrounging a buckshee rum ration, washing the eye, and many another merry sport. The only thing that surprises us about this new manual of military instruction is that the authors have managed to compress it all into seven hundred pages. We wouldn't have thought it could have been done under a thousand.

Another Sporting Triumph

LAST week a great flame-coloured flamingo with a wide span of glorious black-tipped wings was blown on to the hospitable shores of England by an easterly gale. It stood on one leg gracefully, and then it stood on the other leg gracefully, and then a local sportsman crept up and shot it dead, and the loveliness of the flaming creature was destroyed in a moment. The scene of this superb

"Don't be a cad, Sidebotham!"

piece of shikari, which must make the heart of every sportsman beat a little faster with pride that this feat was performed upon our own shores, is called Foulness Island, but we understand that by an odd coincidence it was called Foulness even before the flamingo was killed.

Is This the Dole?

IT is announced from Hollywood, which, as many of you may have heard, is the American counterpart of our Elstree, that the famous cinematographic company of Metro-Goldwyn pay a fiver a day for the use of an ostrich whenever the exigencies of their profession demand that an ostrich should be used. Similarly they are prepared to pay anything from £2 to £5 for an alligator, the price varying in accordance with the histrionic abilities of each performer. A duck " which will listen to reason " only gets £1, which seems to us extremely odd. We have known many ducks in our time, many, many ducks, but we never met one who even remotely listened to reason. In fact, just the other way about. When we were hard up, they wanted to go to the Savoy Grill or the Carlton ; when we were in funds and were wearing our best tail-coat and white waistcoat, they always insisted on supper at a coffee-stall and an expedition to Limehouse. (What? It doesn't mean that sort of duck? Oh, sorry.) Then the Metro-Goldwyn will pay anything from a fiver to a tenner for a horse that will yawn, although there again we should have thought that plenty of them could be picked up cheaper than that in the stalls at any performance of *Pirandello* by the Stage Society. But the final offer of these film people is a fiver per head for geese " that will wear lensless, horn-rimmed glasses and follow along." That seems to us to be a direct inducement to a very large proportion of the entire population of the United States to accept this very generous offer and go upon the Metro-Goldwyn dole.

Plantain Corner

MR. MELVILLE COOPER keeps it up bravely. In *Laburnum Grove*, at the Duchess Theatre, he is still eating his thirty-two bananas every week, and even the extra matinées at Christmas time have not daunted that indomitable man. He has passed the 250 mark, and is running strongly towards the half-thousand. On the completion of the thousand Mr. Cooper is to be awarded the honorary citizenship of Antigua, the freedom of Martinique, and a free pass to visit the Dry Tortugas as soon as the removal of Prohibition has removed some of their Dryness. Meanwhile, there is a great demand at Carter's and Sutton's for packets of seeds of the banana-tree, as several thousand acres are likely to be laid down with bananas in the West Indies in the near future.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THESPÆANS

No. 14.—Mr. J. Robertson Hare

HAVE you ever seen a rabbit when it 's up against a stoat?
Have you heard a small-part actor kill a star's pet exit line?
Have you gazed on the expression of a Minister of note
When heckled unexpectedly by Members from the Tyne?
Well, if you have, you 'll dote upon that very special flair
For picturing this frame of mind when shown by Mr. Hare.

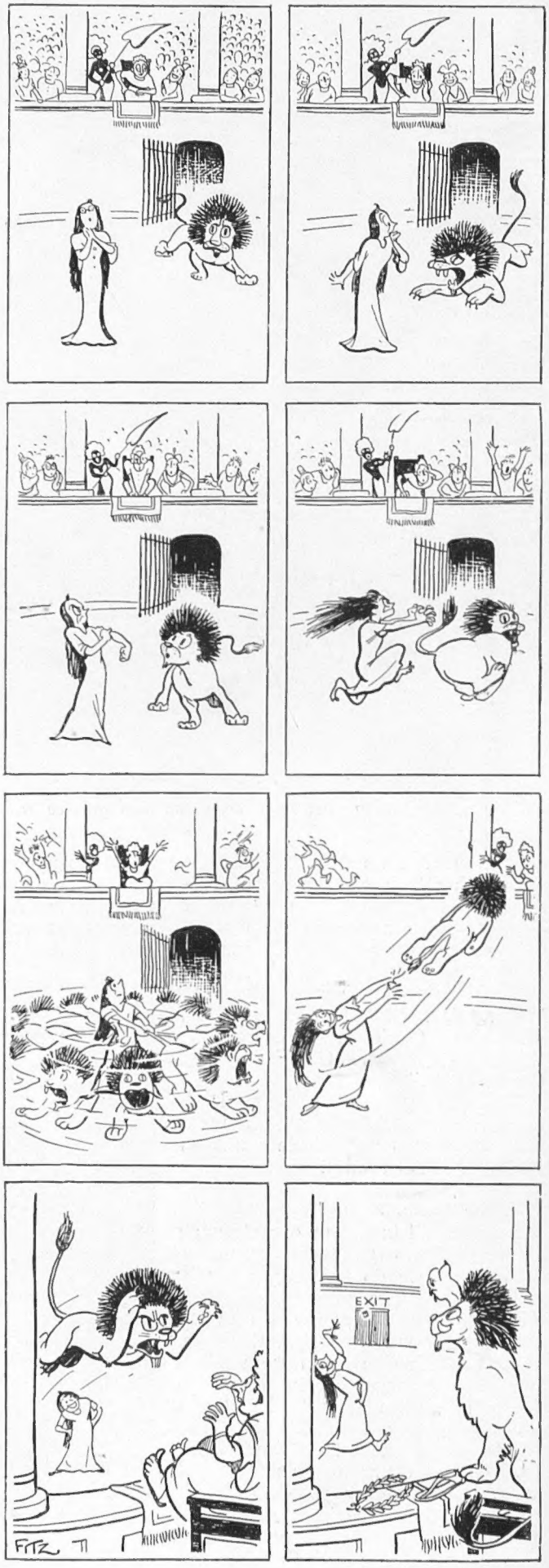
As a harassed, helpless henpeck cursed with domineerng wife
Who treats him in a manner that no fellow ought to stand,
He will give a clever study that is all too true to life
In comedies presented at the Aldwych and the Strand;
And as husbands meek and humble, there is no one, I declare,
Who 'll better the performances we get from Mr. Hare.

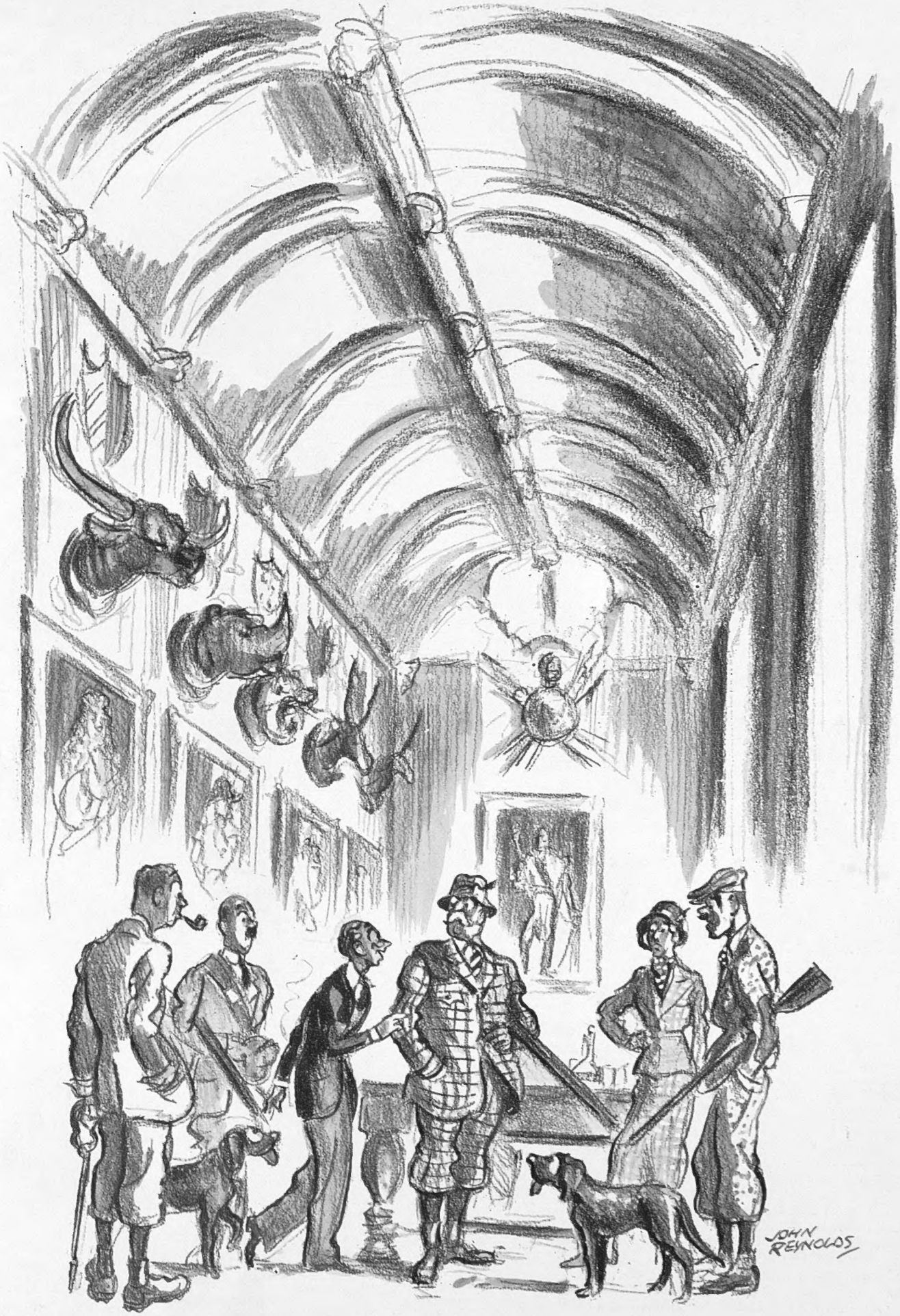
Epitomising everything that " he-men " never are,
He raises laughs all through the house at quite a wondrous rate.
Each worried little movement typifies the blandly " blah,"
From feet up to begoggled eyes and shining, hairless pate;
In fact, the living image of a man weighed down with care
Is discovered in the person of that clever Mr. Hare.

Though the daring of d'Artagnan, the romance of Romeo,
And the recklessness of Raffles all delight the flapper mind,
I get, since I 'm a Benedict, a sympathetic glow
When gazing on my prototype of quite another kind,
And herewith beg to certify that far beyond compare
At picturing poor mutts like me is witty Mr. Hare.

B. W.

A Tale of Ancient Rome





"Tweed—eh?"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 31.

Sir Harry Preston

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

It is exactly a year ago that Harry appeared in the Birthday Honours as the recipient of probably the most popular knighthood given since the war.

Small, pink, bald, astigmatic, flowery, devoted to prize-fights, champagne, dancing, Brighton, cigars, and pretty women, Harry is known all over the world. His compliments are sometimes so fulsome as to be faintly embarrassing to women meeting him for the first time. His phraseology is terrific. When Tom Webster sent him a cable, on his birthday, from New York, adding that "Strangler" Lewis also sent his regards, Harry cabled back: "My heart's true love to dear 'Strangler.'" Tom, who had just seen "Strangler" pulling the Milwaukee "Murderer's" head off in an all-in wrestling match, could think of no adequate reply, although he longed to send one.

When I wrote to tell Harry that I was going to include him in the series, he replied immediately: "My dear Charles, I thank you most truly and now look forward to Tuesday with oh, so much pleasure! So long, my dear, great sport. I remain, Yours ever, Harry." His letters are all typed on an old-fashioned script typewriter which must be unique to-day. His famous handshake, in which he draws your right hand over his heart, which you can feel beating faintly beneath his dark jacket, is extended to Royalty and publicans alike. His trick of making you apparently drop a champagne bottle as he passes it to you is as well known as his sultanesque habit of clapping his hands for the waiter to bring more wine. He refers to his wife as "My bunch of trouble," except at the Royal Albion, where he still calls her "Mrs. Preston," despite her year-old honour. Originally intended to be a schoolmaster, Harry became an amateur boxer of no mean prowess and a cauliflower ear. Forty years ago the leading insurance companies refused a policy on his life. In the past three years he has cheated death on four occasions. He has the courage of a lion (like Bertram Mills), the tiny feet of a Russian ballet dancer, and a closer knowledge of Fleet Street than the editors themselves. It is nearly always at one of his big-fight dinners that the cognoscenti first discover the identity of the latest gossip-writer on the *Daily Blank* or the *Sunday Splash*. Somebody once said of Harry that he sold all that he had to give to the rich. That is most unfair, as dozens of the needy know. Harry likes success and successful people. Don't we all?

The Silver Rose Ball

In Aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries

(4) Miss Sylvia Garthwaite, Miss Peggy Lang, Miss Peta Davis, Miss Peggy Scriven and Mrs. Cecil Madden, five of the "Silver Roses" who helped with the entertainment, and carried muffs as their badge of office

(1) Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Campbell dancing together at the Carlton, where the Ball was held

(2) Sir Arthur Crosfield and Miss Ivanoff; Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield took a party to the Ball

(3) More "Silver Roses": Miss Verity Getting, the Hon. Sara Lawrence, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Jean Cochran, and Miss A. and Miss N. Wellesley-Colley

(5) Mr. H. E. Mayes and Mlle. Livia Paravicini having supper

(6) Mr. F. Brock and Miss Lisa Van den Bergh on their way back to their table after dancing

(7) Miss Merial Dalrymple-White, Mr. Evelyn Shuckbrugh and Miss Phœbe Orr-Ewing at supper

Family Parties

Some of the Youngest Generation with Their Mothers

Left: Lady Glenconner's elder son, Colin, is just seven years old, and James, her younger son, is four. Lady Glenconner married Lord Glenconner in 1925, and is Sir Richard Paget's daughter. She and her husband live at Admiral's House, Hampstead, but Lord Glenconner still owns Glen, in the Border country, which was made famous when Lady Oxford and Asquith and her sisters lived there as the most brilliant "ex-débutantes" of their day

Swaebe

Lady Glenconner and her Sons, Colin and James Tennant

Swaebe

The Hon. Mrs. Eccles, and John

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Eccles is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn, and married Mr. David Eccles in 1928. Their son, John Dawson Eccles, is rising three, and is a cheerful and good-looking young man. The Eccles have an attractive house in Upper Montagu Street

Bassano

Lady Lucas-Tooth, with Laetitia, Jennifer and John

Left: Lady Lucas-Tooth and her three children—Laetitia, aged seven, Jennifer, aged four, and John, who is nearly one-and-a-half—were photographed in the nursery at the Green House, Wimbledon Park. Lady Lucas-Tooth married Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth in 1925, and is the sister of Sir John Findlay, of Aberlour

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Charles Spooner

Mock Prawn

CHRISTMAS celebrations in the House were rather less uproarious than usual this year; there was a certain amount of business doing on the morning of "breaking-up" day, so there was no ragging and no decorations were put up before noon. And there weren't as many paper streamers about as there generally are, except in the Consol Market, which was gay enough. It is impossible for anyone who hasn't seen the House in full Christmas dress to imagine the amount of coloured paper that is used. The whole place looks like a huge tent, with streamers festooned from the high railings—some of which are more than a full throw for a deep-fielding expert—and tied to seats, pillars, lights, and every other available projection. Every light within reach has a coloured shade, every electric fan has its floating crest of streamers, and dozens of the latter are pinned to members' coats, and wound round their hats, necks and legs. By the end of the day, the floor is a foot deep in rainbow-coloured débris.

THERE were the usual balloons being chased about and burst; the absent-minded member who gets in the way of a balloon skirmish probably finds himself on the floor before he knows what hit him. The inevitable balloon filled with water appeared, and was duly burst by someone looking for a shower-bath. Paper balls in their scores flew through the air, so did paper aeroplanes, so did a medley of rubber air-filled animals, and there was many a paper snow-storm.

THE item on the pre-Christmas programme that is best known, is the wholesale destruction of top-hats. The 1933 bag was slightly above the average, both in quantity and quality; there were many more hats broken than those specially kept for Christmas Eve. There are still philanthropists who persist in coming into the House wearing hats they don't want broken—there is infinitely more satisfaction in breaking a good hat than in sending an old one to its death. But the broker who kept going to the hat-pegs and bringing in good hats—some almost new—to be broken up, was going a bit far; after all, it's only the hats that come into the House on the heads of their owners that are fair game.

ANOTHER broker caused some amusement by detaching the brim from a hat which he saw on the floor, and then discovering his own initials in the lid. Stanley Greenfield appeared in a top-hat beautifully decorated with coloured streamers, but his, too, soon went the way of all others. E. H. Cavaliero wore a tasteful blue cardboard lady's hat for a very short time. J. D. Canning seemed as happy on his back as on his feet, his "hat-play" made him take so many voluntaries. "Mickey" Smith put up a strong defence for his black Homburg, but we fear he won't be able to wear all of it again at the same time. This is sad, for we fancy it may have been his Christmas present from the firm.

A. D. Collins

"The Prawn"

So much for hats; now for the set-pieces on the programme, most of which were attended by collectors for the various House charities. The War Wounded Fund was raised from 55,000 to 100,000 halfpennies in this way. Carol-singing on the Thursday before Christmas brought in a good little sum. This was arranged for the benefit of Hugh Grace, and was led by A. R. Lacey, dressed as the curate, in a clerical hat, imitation dog-collar, and newspaper surplice, and five stal-warts of the choir, who wore green mortar-boards, newspapers draped on their shoulders, and carried candles. While they were dressing up on one side of a pillar, "the Vicar," as Hugh Grace is called, even more often than he is called "the Bishop," was kept talking by confederates on the other side. Then the procession paraded round the Kaffir Market, singing "Good King Wenceslas" and "Why Was I Born So Beautiful?", the latter song having been "the Vicar's" special for years and years.

WHILE this was going on, a life-size figure of a War Wounded "blue boy" was carried in, and silver and copper contributions were showered into a bucket, and notes were pinned to his tunic. The blotting-paper artists were at work helping the collections, W. G. Brooke doing lightning caricatures and collecting for the Waifs and Strays, and Morton Smith displaying drawings, as he had done all the week, asking for "bobs for babies." The best Christmas trade was done by a vendor of "magic flotes"; his popular wares were soon sold out.

THE Oil Market put up two very funny "rags." "The Prawn," otherwise A. D. Collins, was the butt of one, when Charles Spooner, who is almost as large as "the Prawn" is thin, made up with eyebrows, nose, red moustache to look like him, solemnly made a presentation to him, amid much cheering. Later on, Charles Spooner and two other members, wearing black masks, cooked a snipe on the floor of the House in true cannibal fashion, while Byas Shepherd and a few more did a wild Eastern dance to a tom-tom accompaniment beaten out on desks, and a good deal of singing. This was for Ronnie Orpen, who comes in for a lot of such japing, because of his black hair and dark complexion. Actually, he's more like a sheikh of the Ethel M. Dell type than a cannibal, but who cares about that?

A. R. Lacey

Singing to "the Vicar"

Left: Lady Jane Kingdom (Marie Tempest) discovers, as her husband (W. Graham Browne) sympathises with her on the departure of her lover, that her grand passion is not the secret she fondly imagined it was

The young Lovers at Home. "Your body or your life" tactics by Steven Rains (Ronald Wood) at the expense of Liza Kingdom (Margaret Rawlings)

The Clandestine Lovers of one night, Douglas Wilton (Frank Allenby) and Sybil (Nora Swinburne), already begin to quarrel at the breakfast-table

"The Old Folks at Home"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches of "The Old Folks at Home" and "Beau Brummel"

By Rouson

"The Old Folks at Home" (Queen's)

WE 'VE seen plays before this, and we shall see plays again, in which the elder and (as we knew all the time) wiser generation take a back seat, pretending to be practically ga-ga, for two Acts, and then, close on curtain-fall, come down off their sheltered pedestals and tell the youngsters where they get off. But of all the "Mother knows best" comedies I hope to get a kick out of between now and the last round-up, I don't expect to meet a much better one than *The Old Folks at Home*. If H. M. Harwood's title suggests soft fireside music and a silver-haired old lady dabbing at her tears in a rocking-chair, you don't know your author. Mr. Harwood is an accredited dealer in High Life, and caviare, not cottage-pie, is his staple dish. I mention this partly because play titles are misleading (*The Road to Rome* failed, they say, because people thought it was Papist propaganda) and partly to reassure those theatre-goers who dislike plays about suburban people, mainly on account of the wall-paper.

This comedy, then, is a smart, glittering and highly-polished affair of beautiful scenery, expensive dresses, and immaculate casting. It has wit and epigram to mask its penetration, and the various light movements (adultery and seduction tactfully included) which lead up to its last-minute change of key are very adeptly framed and orchestrated.

The climax lets in Marie Tempest with a new hand of trumps—sincerity, pathos, emotion—and so brilliantly does she play them that the play, after aiming at one target, scores its victory by suddenly drilling fine holes in another.

Gone are the light, sarcastic banter and the heartless strategy which can pour scorn on a bad daughter and hustle a foolish one back to her children. Lady Jane Kingdom is telling the story of her life, but only to save Liza and Sybil from ruining theirs. Liza (Margaret Rawlings) is a vicious Society idler, fair game for gossip-writers and a nasty young man (Ronald Ward again) who drinks, dopes, carries a pistol and treats her rough. Sybil (Norah Swinburne) is stupid, selfish, and greatly shaken by the disastrous sequel to the night of balcony romance, nightingales, mosquitoes and adjoining bedrooms which mother has planned for the discomfiture of the shallow novelist (Frank Allenby) with whom she fancies herself in love.

Most authors, I fancy, would play to the box-office and make Lady Jane's confession a moving picture of illicit passion steadfastly controlled. Mr. Harwood makes the young folks look silly by telling them they don't know how to make a success of sin. For years Lady Jane has denied her lover nothing and at the same time lived happily with her amiable scientist (W. Graham Browne) and his test-tubes, making him an efficient wife. This philosophy is all very well, or bad, according to taste, but the neo-Georgian, observing the sly significance of Mr. Harwood's curtain, may well ask if the Victorian slogan of "Thou shalt not be found out" is a matter of practical politics. I always thought complacency was a rare virtue in husbands of any period.

To give the acting its due would involve me in a long list of compliments. I 've only room to say that Marie Tempest, in a grand part, manages her big surprise superbly; that W. Graham Browne makes a delightful miniature into a full-length portrait; that Margaret Rawlings, looking like next year's wickedest orchid, is vividly alive and arresting; that Norah Swinburne and Frank Allenby conduct their balcony and breakfast-table charades with amusing lightness; and that, in short, this is one of those sophisticated comedies which will draw the town.

TRINCULO.

"Beau Brummel," at the Saville

Harry Welchman as Beau Brummel, glass of fashion, mould of form, idol of ladies and envy of men, ruined through sending an irate Colonel on a coach journey to the wrong hotel!

P. C. Alexander on his "beat"

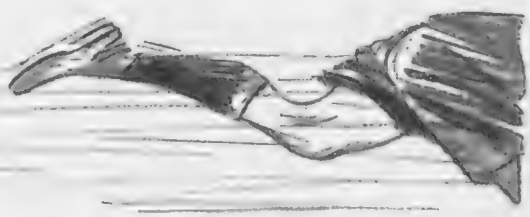
D. A. Kendrew, one of the Probables' best forwards, had such a great afternoon that he "blew up" a couple of perfectly good shirts

C. D. Aarvold, a Possible wing, had the satisfaction of getting a capital try

Back number? D. W. Burland was not superstitious, but he didn't have a good match

H. A. Constantine, another Probable forward, hardly saw the ball at all

C. Slow had his fast moments



J. Heaton almost monopolised the match with his "arrival" and his "going"

The English Rugby Trial Match

As seen by H. H. Harris, at Twickenham

THE LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH

Lady Marguerite Bligh is the only daughter of the Earl of Darnley, by his first wife; she will be twenty-one this year, and is a very charming and attractive person. She has one brother, Lord Clifton of Rathmore, who is two years younger than she is. Her mother, who is a cousin of Lord Dunleath, is now Mrs. Hugo Chandor. Lord Darnley's second wife was, before her marriage in 1923, Miss Nancy Kidston, sister of the late Commander Glen Kidston

LYONS AND LIONS—THE CIRCUS LUNCH

Looking

Left: Lord Glanely, Lady Eleanor Smith, and Lord Waring, three of the guests at Mr. Bertram Mills's luncheon at Olympia before the first performance of his annual circus

A CHARITY MATINÉE

Above: Lady Susan Askew, Lady Violet Baring, and Miss Robertson at Lady Brecknock's Children's "Talkie" Matinée in aid of the Children's Holiday Fund

Left: Mrs. Edgar Sheppard and Wing-Comdr. Sir Louis Greig, formerly Comptroller to the Duke of York

Above: Sir Archibald Weigall, who is greatly interested in agriculture, and Lady Doris Gunston, daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

Colonel the Hon. "Freddie" Cripps, D.S.O., son of Lord Parmoor, and Mrs. Cripps (Violet, Duchess of Westminster), two more of the thirteen hundred guests who ate and drank at Mr. Bertram Mills's mammoth luncheon-party

Lady Dunn, Sir James Dunn's second wife, and Mr. Philip Dunn's stepmother, and Mr. Murrough O'Brien were at the house-warming party

Mme. Alanova and Sir Robert T... the hall, watching somethin... house is in St. Andrew's Place...

HOUSE-WARMING DE LUXE

at London . . .

Mr. Philip Dunn and Lady Mary Dunn gave one of the most "party-ish" parties as a house-warming for their new house in Regent's Park that has been given for many a day. All the 1933 "faces" were there to a man. On the right are Mr. Nigel Seely, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, and Sir Alfred Beit

Right: Mrs. John Dewar, Mr. "Bill" Kingsmill, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, Mr. John Dewar, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath having supper in the water-green dining-room in the Dunns' new house

Swaebe

ockmorton were photographed in other going on upstairs. The looks out over Regent's Park

Lady Mary Dunn, who wore white to match the all-white decoration-scheme of her house, is with Mr. K. Chetwode. She is the Earl of Rosslyn's daughter, and married Mr. Philip Dunn last summer

Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones was there, too; she is always one of the most decorative people at any party

Outside the window where Lady Veronica Hornby and Mr. H. Claudel are sitting was a brightly lighted Christmas-tree, part of the decorations for the party

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton dancing with her host, Mr. Philip Dunn, in the long, double ball-room with the white parquet floor. Mr. Dunn is Sir James Dunn's only son

Lady Gage and and hostess but everything

• Going • Out • to • Goings-On: "The

THE seasonable period for official merry-making and festivities has just finished. As the last reveller lurched out yesterday morning from the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, one realised that the New Year was well set on its course. Most Mayfairers brought off the double, by having one celebration on Sunday night and following it up in disguise at the Albert Hall the next night. The pantomime season is at its height, the Circus at Olympia is in full swing, there are battalions of dancing girls in the various night-clubs and restaurants—in fact, London, for the simpler-minded, at any rate, is full of good clean fun. Do not let us suppose that it is to avoid this that so many of the more sophisticated have gone to St. Moritz and the South of France. Rather is it to avoid the almost permanent fog, which has acted as a blanket on our spirits for the past month.

FROM St. Moritz I hear that the snow is very good. This will please all the best "ski-ers" and "bobbers," and will give those who only go there to show off their winter sports clothes an excuse to return to their hotels even earlier in the day than usual. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid have arrived there, also Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth with her three children. Next week I hope to give all readers a great treat, by the inclusion of a stirring article, dedicated to the lads of the Empire, entitled "Down the Cresta at Dawn." This should be written jointly by the Lords Beaverbrook and Castlerosse, who have not gone there merely for the snow-balling, as has been suggested, with rather undue levity.

BERTRAM MILLS'S Circus, at Olympia, is as good as ever; the luncheon on the opening day gave all those who attended it a good backing for the first performance. Prince George, Lord Lonsdale and Mlle. Violette d'Argens shared the honours of the day. Everybody loves a lady lion-tamer, especially when she is prettily French, or Frenchly pretty. It doesn't matter so much then how tame the lions are. Cubanos, the Flying Dutchman, gives the most daring turn there—and after the performance, don't forget the side-shows.

THE Can-Can Girls are at the Savoy: but not all of them, for the main body is still in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. The selected, who are here are the queens of their art, however, and for those who like to see black stockings there is quite a reasonable display on view. As Ouida wrote of the Can-Can dancing: "It was like drinking light fiery wines, whose intoxication was gay as mischief, and sparkling as themselves. All the wit of France, all the caprices of her sex, were in that bewildering dancing." Altogether a delightful combination; Sir Harold Bowden and Captain James Purdey, in the intervals of discussing the rosy prospects of the bicycle and the gun trade (last year was a bumper one for each, I gather), certainly seemed to think so. Miss Dot Hyson and Miss Lisa Maugham also seemed to realise that they were in the presence of a spectacle which made their grandmothers very anxious about those Paris trips of grandpa's. A pretty girl in red danced by me, so I murmured lightly in Spanish to my neighbour, Mr. Eddy Eily, "Che linda la roca!" I regret that her companion merely remarked as he passed, "Bad boy!"

THINK upon it—twenty-five more lovely girls are arriving at the May Fair and the Dorchester, to dance in the latter's cabaret. Already peers are polishing up their coronets (a couple nearly went West with the load of "Les Girls" which leaves very soon), and we know that a marquess sat on the selection committee in New York, with Clifford Whitley as president. And the Piccadilly are counter-attacking with eight "lovelies" who are said to be real dancers in addition to their charms. They began their turn this week, so there seems to be no lack of leg at the moment in London's night life.

WHAT are termed "Holiday Entertainments" must be headed by the Lyceum pantomime, which lives up to all its old traditions—Naughton, Gold, George Jackley, who is the Knave to the Queen of Hearts, and has such lyrical lines as—

"I 'm conscious of a lovely, luscious smell,
But where it 's coming from, I really cannot tell.
Ah, tarts, jam tarts—made by our gracious Queen,
Quite the most temptatious tarts I yet have ever seen."

I quote them in the hopes of tempting Douglas Byng to further efforts. It is nice to watch the children gape with wondrous joy at the Grand Fairy Ballet; fathers, too, are not above sitting up and taking a little notice to see what is happening. At the Cambridge Theatre is the most charming presentation of *Hansel and Gretel*, with Victoria Hopper in the principal part; there are the Toads hopping about at the Royalty, and

Apology to Mr. Randolph Churchill

WE regret that in THE BYSTANDER of September 27th we stated that Mr. Randolph Churchill had invited himself to a party given by Mr. Tatham. This statement was untrue and without foundation, and we desire unreservedly to withdraw it and to express our regret for any unfavourable imputation created thereby.

The Philip Dunns' House-Warming Party Again

Michael Duff were two more of the Dunns' guests. The host moved into their new house the day before they gave their party as well organised as if they had been there for weeks

Swaebe

Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, sitting-out with Prince Werkeisheim at the party. Mrs. Jenkinson is the second of Mr. Philip Dunn's three sisters, and married Mr. Anthony Jenkinson in 1930

Bystander" in Society

Buckie's Bears bellowing each afternoon at the Playhouse. There is no truth in the rumour that the parts of the two bears are being taken by the Lords Beaverbrook and Castlerosse, for, as I have previously stated, they are in St. Moritz. *Treasure Island, Peter Pan, When Knights Were Bold, Charley's Aunt,* what would the Christmas holidays do without them all?

THE wedding of the week was that of Mr. Victor Rothschild and Miss Barbara Hutchinson, at Tring Park. Not far from there is the Whipsnade "Zoo," so those visitors who did not gain admittance to the wedding festivities could console themselves for the rest of the day.

CHRISTMAS festivities were much the same as usual in London; one has to go to the country to get a little variety. There was a large party at Miss Peggy Johnson's, at Tidebrook, in Sussex. Miss Rosemary O'Malley Keyes, the "big, bouncing baby from Biarritz," as she was playfully termed, brought her friend, Lili Damita, the film star. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Payne, and the attractive Mrs. Eustace Robb and Miss Sheila Landau added brightness to the party, which reached its height when Mr. Jimmie Rutland read out the rhyme which he found in his Christmas cracker:

"Oh, you loved me when in khaki
I went off to the Wars,
But now you hate the sight of me
Dressed in my new Plus Fours."

THE American tailor who made out the list of the best-dressed men in the world had not got his card very well marked. For to put Lord Westmorland at the top he can have been judging by sporting clothes alone, and in these he would be well challenged by the Prince of Wales, Major Charles Clarke, or Captain Maurice Kingscote. For general well-being as to their clothes, one can mention Captain Tommy MacDougal, Lord Carnarvon, Sir Jock Jardine, Lord Sefton, and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

CAPTAIN ROBERT GORDON CANNING, who gained an M.C. when serving with the 10th Hussars in the war, is well known to all his friends as a poet. He has now written a play, in book form, called *Saviours of England.* This deals with American girls who come over here to buy husbands, and behave accordingly. One says—"I am an American girl, like a rock under the mid-day sun — a warm exterior but a cold interior. Warm lips whereon to repose, but a strong interior if he progressed further He was leaving next day, so I thought he had better depart with a good souvenir." The modern lip-stick, I suppose.

Also "Cocktails are real American. Direct, unsentimental, never subtle. They give one a hearty slap on the back." Copies of this play should be sent to Miss Doris Duke, et cie. Should Captain Canning, who is unmarried, become engaged to an American girl, I should advise him not to let her read his play before the wedding.

MR. PEEPS

Mr. John Hallett, the only son of the late Colonel Prescott Hallett, and Mrs. Hallett, and Miss Averil Streatfeild, Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Florence Streatfeild's daughter, after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

"WHAT'S ON"

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS — PLAYS, FILMS, AND SO ON—PLEASE TURN TO PAGE A FOR "THE BYSTANDER'S" GUIDE TO LONDON AMUSEMENTS

Westminster Whispers :

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

SOME years ago there was a popular song which asked "Where do flies go in the winter time?" A similarly fatuous question which I am always coming up against is: What happens to political correspondents when Parliament is not sitting? The number of people who think of politics and the political sphere as being strictly confined to the four walls of the Commons' Chamber is really astounding.

INDEED, whether Parliament is or is not in Session makes little difference—perhaps a paragraph or so—to anyone writing a weekly page such as this. For the daily commentators, of course, it is different. But the political sphere, as I have always understood it and attempted to present it here, stretches all over the world. One concentrates more on home affairs and England's policy, because, naturally, they concern us more directly, and the personalities which control them are better known to us.

THE feature of what is known as "lobby talk" in the House of Commons is that in a small, confined space is gathered together a large number of people, all interested in the same thing, and all ready to talk about it. Rumour spreads like a prairie fire, gossip can be picked up as simply as the radio. But to discover the truth, to excavate the intrigues of substance one goes elsewhere.

THE question that is asked most often of politicians is: What is happening? It is a question that invariably receives an evasive reply. But, in fact, it is a question that is prompted by unconsciously sound sense. Something always is happening, and whatever it is it will be the politician's business before it is finished and done with. This is yet another reason why it is so difficult in politics to forecast the future.

THIS is my first article in 1934, and to all the readers of this page I offer my best wishes that the year may bring to them whatever they set their minds to. The newspapers, cultivators of confidence, have decided that 1934 shall be a boom year. The signs certainly are favourable.

IT would be rash, though, to make any prophecies until after the Budget, but if the suggested surplus, which ranges from ten to forty-eight millions, eventuates, and we do get sixpence off the Income Tax, half the cuts restored, and an increase in Navy and Air Force construction, the National Government will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, which, in its present condition, there is no prospect of its repaying.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is the one Minister who has increased his prestige without forfeiting his principles. His influence can be discerned in the Government's programme again and again. He has been over-worked, but he has never complained. He never prays out loud for the days when public life shall know him no more, and when only the fish shall have the benefit of his company.

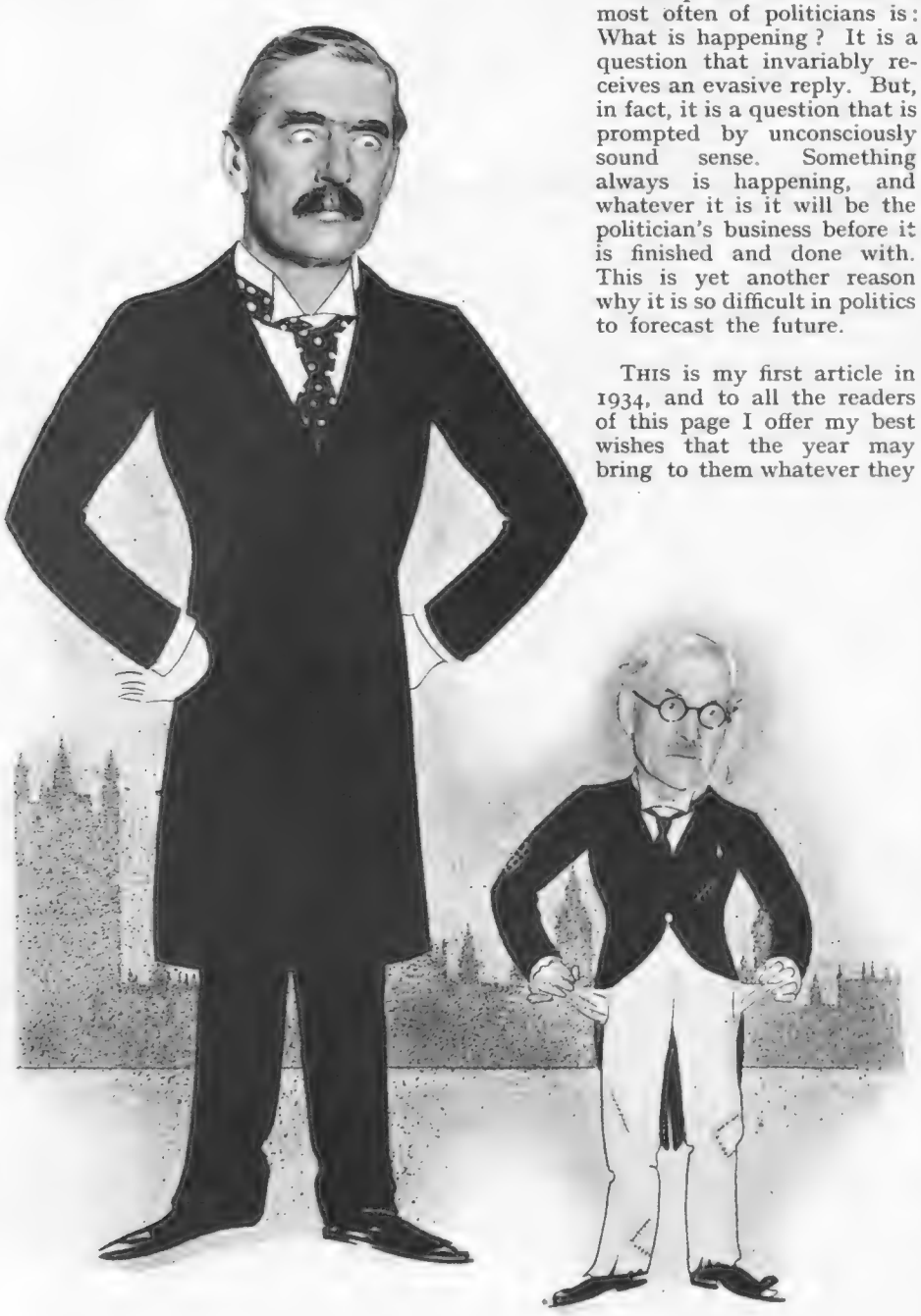
WHAT humbug it all is; all this talk of the happy, longed-for days of retirement. The number of men who have forsaken high places of their own accord can be counted on one hand. And they didn't talk about it beforehand. Those who do talk will remain on until they are pushed headlong.

AND Ministers are not the only offenders. All over the country during the Christmas holiday Members will be telling their constituents how hard they work in Westminster, and how their one hope is that they may soon resign. Well, at least they are there to tell the tale. The social Continental brigade have preferred other countries to their own, as usual.

NO wonder the local man is increasingly the choice of constituency associations to the discomfiture of the carpet-baggers. Electors do not want speeches, they do like their Member to be among them, to see him occasionally and to know that he is sharing with them in the life of the Division. Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Mr. Ronald Tree (both of whom made pleasant little maiden speeches just before the House rose) owe their by-election victories as much as anything to the fact that their constituents knew them as friends.

I SEE the King's Norton Tories have chosen a man with local connections as their new candidate. I congratulate them. Mr. Ronald Cartland has also connections with the Conservative Central Office. He has been learning his job there for six years. It is a change to be thankful for to find a young man going into politics with a term of apprenticeship behind him.

THE Commons meet again on the 29th of the month. The Unemployment Insurance Bill is the first to be struggled with. At least half the House did not know the contents of the Bill before Christmas. I hope that by now they have had time to digest it. Next week, however, most of the Cabinet will be back. The wheels are moving again.



". . . The National Government will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, which, in its present condition, there is no prospect of its repaying"

EXCEPT for the contingent who go winter-sporting over Christmas, it is still early days for most people to go in search of good ski-ing snow. However, St. Moritz is fairly full already, and the photograph above shows how many ski-ers are about; not the trio on the sky-line, but the innumerable criss-cross tracks on Chanterella, the famous St. Moritz ski-field, are the proof

Skates and Skis

The Winter Sports Season Begins at St. Moritz

Above: Mr. Billy Reardon and the Earl of Warwick starting out with their skis from the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, to take their morning's snow-exercise

Left: Countess Jellicoe skating on the Suvretta House ice-rink, with her two youngest daughters, Lady Norah Jellicoe and Lady Prudence Jellicoe

Greta Garbo as Queen Christina

Marlene Dietrich as Catherine the Great

Queens of the Screen as Queens of the Past

The Swedish Star as Queen of Sweden; The German Star as Empress of Russia

IN Hollywood, where the example of the English studios in using history on the grand scale as screen subject-matter is now being closely followed, two films are being made which will offer some interesting comparisons when they and the picture just completed in the London Film Productions' studio are shown. The English company have made a film of the story of Catherine the Great, with the Austrian actress, Elisabeth Bergner, as the Russian Empress. Paramount have also chosen Catherine as their historical subject, and Marlene Dietrich to portray her. Josef von Sternberg is directing the picture, which is called "Scarlet Pageant." In the third film, which is being made by M.-G.-M., the central figure is again a woman—Christina of Sweden—and Greta Garbo is appearing as her country's great Queen. It is now quite time that a German or French company should embark on a film of Elizabeth of England, with, in order to be thoroughly international, the American, Katharine Hepburn, as a fourth possible choice for the part of Elizabeth

A Racing Reverie

To Exercise the Brain

By "Regular"

As one who spends his life on a race-course I find there are a few people I see all too much of; there are, on the other hand, a number of charming people I don't see half enough.

Here are just a few of them: Lady Wilson, Lord Kimberley, Lady Manton, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Frank Hartigan, Mr. Dunne, Mrs. Cottrill, Mr. Rank, Mr. Aldridge, and Mr. Kingsmill. I hope that 1934 will see them more frequently on our race-courses.

CHRISTMAS and its attendant good cheer being well over, it 's high time you began to use your brains again, and in order to see whether the disgusting amount you ate and drank over the Festive Season has completely addled your intellects, I am setting you a nice easy Examination Paper.

ANSWERS should be sent to Uncle Regular at this office, and those who supply the correct answer in every case will be sent a picture postcard of a very famous amateur rider (flat-race) or myself—according to taste. I am correcting all the papers personally, and my decision will be final and subject to no appeal at law. A few of these questions may have appeared in a paper I set you nearly a year ago, when no one succeeded in giving all the correct answers, and I smoked the prize—a rather damp cigar—myself.

(1) Who answer, or not, as the case may be, to the following nick-names?—

Wiggy, Guts and Gaiters, The Mattress, The Cart Mare, The Electric Hare, The Cat's Pyjamas, Clatter Foot, The Organiser, Angel Face, Uncle Fred, Arthur Artfully, The Scribe, The Judge.

(2) The name of the flat-race jockey whom all the other jockeys consider the second-best.

(3) The trainer who has brought the combination of business and pleasure to a fine art.

(4) (i) The most popular lady owner of the moment.

(ii) The names of her two most ardent admirers.

(5) Can the strongest bonds of friendship survive the weakness of the market? Answer Yes or No, and in 100 words (approx.) explain how you consider this feature of modern racing could either make or mar a friendship.

(6) Who has the best-looking clerk?

(7) The name of the horse at Newbury which made our eyes shoot out of our heads.

(8) The names of three jumping trainers whose horses always look grand, and one whose horses look lousy.

(9) The correct answer to anyone who tells you they want their plater back. (Four words.)

(10) The name of the colossally rich owner who tried to get Gordon Richards for 1934. (This has not been divulged in any paper.) Who *will* ride first jockey for him as Richards declined?

(11) If you had to lose £50,000 before the end of 1934, what trainer would you elect to train with?

(12) The names of six very prominent racing people who, at one time or another during 1933, were very cross with Uncle Regular. (As this is a very easy question, married couples only count as one.)

THE above twelve questions should give you plenty of food for thought, though any racing regular should be able to answer them. The most difficult question is Number Ten, while Number Eleven is, I admit, a matter of opinion, and in this case I am prepared to accept any sensible answer, though I have no doubt, myself, as to the correct one.

Now that we have got through the first dull weeks of the jumping season we can expect some real good sport, always provided we don't get any more frost, and all the best and brightest of our Regulars and Regulasses will be on the warpath again.

MISS PAGET will be giving orders to be called early. This early racing is such a bore; hardly has one dropped off to sleep than they 're going to the post for the first race. Mrs. Hollins will have had her umbrella coloured, while Mrs. Rank, more radiant than ever, will be getting in early to secure the best price she can about Last of the Dandies.

THE Anthonys will be there, with their long string of horses and almost equally long string of American owners, and Ivor will be miserable if we don't back his good things, and will commiserate with us that horses are not machines, when they get beaten.

YES, I can see a whole vista of happy days in front of us, with our good friends the bookmakers, refreshed after their Christmas holiday. Issy Isaacs, Jack Burns and Mo Tarsh are indispensable to our happiness, and I hope they will bring the spirit of Christmas (such a big day in bookmakers' lives) into their dealings with us throughout 1934.

The South and West Wilts Hunt Ball

In the photograph on the left, Major Fane is talking to Mrs. Nuttall, and, on the right, Captain and Mrs. R. C. Thompson are having a refresher at the buffet. The Ball was held at Clouds, East Knoyle; more photographs of it appear on page 30

Christmas-Cards We Failed to Receive

Hands Across the Seas, 1933-34

After-Christmas Meets with the Vine and the Buccleuch

Captain and Mrs. Dugdale and Miss Orr-Ewing were three of the foot passengers who went to the meet of the Vine at Beaurepaire Park, near Basingstoke

Lady Dalkeith, whose husband is the Master, and her younger daughter, Lady Caroline Scott, at the children's meet of the Buccleuch at Kippielaw, in Roxburghshire

The Secretary of State f

Mr. John Gilmour, Sir J the family celebrations were hel above are Mr. J. R. Bryans, M Mr. John Gilmour, Miss Dap

Cocktail-Party Conversation

Lady Hamilton talking to Miss Diane Chamberlain and Mr. T. Waddington at the cocktail-party she and Sir Ian Hamilton gave at their house in Hyde Park Gardens

ROUND

The Last Days of the Ol

Lady Brecknock's Children's "Talkie" Mati

Mrs. Nigel Gunnis took her small daughter, Diana, to the "Talkie" matinée which Lady Brecknock arranged at the Palace Theatre

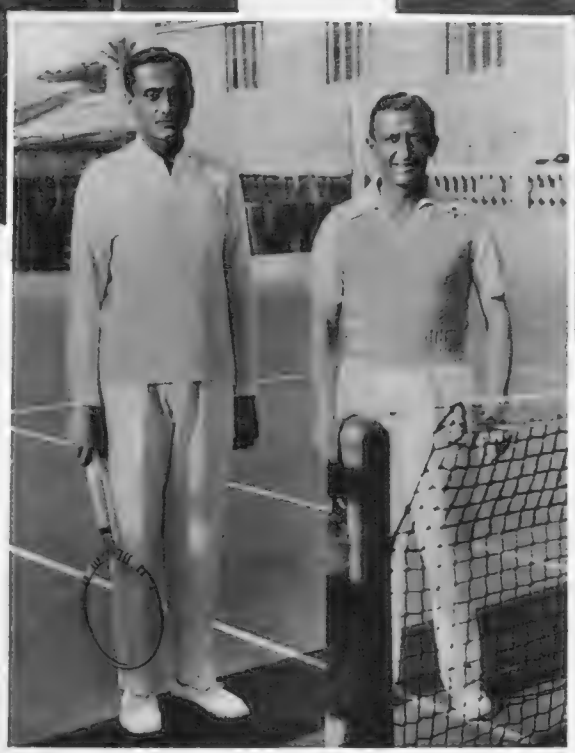
Lady Rose Baring and Lady Jean Ma at the matinée at the Palace Theatre Fund; there was a wonderful progra

otland's Son Comes of Age

ilmour's only son, came of age in October, but lontrave, Fifeshire, over Christmas. In the group . B. Bryans, Sir John Gilmour's elder daughter, Lady Gilmour, and Sir John Gilmour

Below: Miss Claudia Blackburn, who is Lady Constance Blackburn's daughter, and a niece of the Earl of Strathmore, played goal in the lacrosse match between Scotland and the Rest of Scotland, at Peffermill, Edinburgh

Eye-Shade for a "Goalie"



A Prince Plays Tennis

Left: the Prince of Kutch and M. Robert Ramillon, ex-Champion of France, on the Carlton Courts, Cannes. The Prince has been having lessons with M. Ramillon, whom he is taking back to India so that he can go on with his training; he is hoping to play in the Davis Cup

Below: Colonel Lionel Lindsay, Chief Constable of Glamorgan, Baroness de Rutzen, the Hon. Mrs. Henderson, Miss Parry Jones, Miss Jennings, Captain W. H. Buckley, M.F.H., General Ramsey, Mr. A. N. Kennard, and Mr. P. R. Paley at the dance at the Drill Hall, Carmarthen, to provide hunting gates, and so on, for the Carmarthenshire Hunt

ABOUT

Year in Four Countries

l, the Earl of Antrim's sisters, were of the Children's Country Holiday cartoon and adventure films

A Christmas Dance for Carmarthenshire Huntin' People

Sport with the Lid Off :

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Hindhead Golf Club Meeting

(1) A. S. Anderson and Admiral Hopwood at the fifth tee. (2) E. H. Munday and G. H. Vos waiting their turn to drive off. (3) T. T. Radmore and W. J. Burningham waiting at the fourth tee. (4) A. H. S. Vivian and R. Gradwell Walker also waiting at the fourth tee

The Rugby Tri

The Probables get the ball from a line-out. T teams, England against the Rest, for a longer time th Leicester-Barbarians match in order to have a furth

POOR old Carnera is in the wars again, and I am beginning to think that it is more of a liability than an asset to be Heavy-weight Champion of the World. This time Carnera faces the Bankruptcy Court, and that seems to me a particularly tough break, for if ever a man had to fight for his money, that man was Carnera.

Still, he will have served the cause of professional boxing well if, at his examination, the managers' racket is exposed. I 've lost count of the boxing promoters who claim that they are entitled to a percentage of Carnera's earnings, but the upshot of it is that out of the 17,000 dollars which he earned by beating Jack Sharkey last June, he was left with 360 dollars after the sharks had taken their cuts. There must be times when Carnera thinks a little wistfully of the days when he was an obscure wrestler in a travelling circus. Those were hungry, hard days for him, maybe, but at least he was left in relative peace. Now the sharks swarm round him, and no sooner has he dealt with one attack than another begins. How he must long to have them all in the ring with him for a few lively minutes !

The point is, though, that the misadventures of Carnera prove again how unsavoury the inner workings of the boxing racket are. To the man in the street it seems absurd that a boxer should not be able to go steadily ahead, with an honest manager to look after his affairs and a reasonable reward awaiting him at the end of his fighting career.

SOME boxers, of course, have been astute enough to protect their interests. Gene Tunney is one of them, and I find it difficult to understand why he has suddenly launched a bitter attack against Jack Dempsey. Tunney says that Dempsey is harming the sport of boxing by his promoting activities, though I have never heard anyone say a bad word for Dempsey before. As a matter of fact, I have met both these famous heavy-weights, and, of the two, Dempsey seemed to me infinitely the more likeable fellow.

It may be that Tunney's high-brow pretensions were a little tiresome, for when he came to Europe he consorted only with literary lions of the Bernard Shaw type. Certainly Tunney was high-hat, whereas Dempsey was a simple, generous, unaffected fighter, popular wherever he went.

THE contrast between the two men was very marked before that historic battle which Dempsey lost, after putting Tunney down for a count of fourteen seconds. I remember hearing that Jack Johnson, the great negro heavy-weight, visited the boxers in their training-camps. Tunney refused to see him ; Dempsey went out to meet him, and said, "Come along in, Jack, and let 's talk." Tunney trained in monastic seclusion. Dempsey threw his camp open to crowds of schoolboys. Tunney gave select dinner-parties, and talked about Shakespeare. Dempsey kept open house to all and sundry, and talked about fighting.

I suppose the comment is that Tunney won, but I shall always hold that Dempsey was the greater Champion.

ANOTHER rather high-hat athlete is Don Bradman. Those who know him well say that Bradman is simply a shrewd, level-headed fellow, with no stupid false modesty about him, but a knowledge of his own importance in the Australian cricket world. Already he is in the limelight with his insistence that his wife shall accompany him to England, though the Australian Board have ruled that no wives are to make the trip. What is more, Bradman is driving his arguments home by some masterly innings, and I doubt whether the Australian Selectors would dare to flout public opinion by leaving Bradman out, whatever his

Match at Twickenham

Selection Committee deferred the choosing of the next Trial ... and, rumour relates, afterwards attended the ... round. Other photographs appear on page 31

A Dying Old English Custom

Captain Bulkeley-Johnson carving the turkey at the Hunt Breakfast at Breamore House, Hampshire, the residence of the Hon. Lady Hulse, at the meet of the Wilton Hounds. The Mayor of Salisbury was among the guests

Left: Major Naidu, who captained India against the M.C.C. in the first Test Match in India, played at Bombay, won by the Englishmen

stipulations may be. It is quite certain, I think, that we shall see Bradman over here next summer, if only because his presence will enormously increase public interest in the tour, and public interest means gate-money. And I suspect that Mrs. Bradman will be with him, too.

It's an odd world, isn't it, where the wires are set humming because a cricketer happens to appreciate the company of his wife? I'm afraid this is only the beginning of the ballyhoo which will surround the Australian tour in this country next summer, and I only hope we come through it without any more untoward incidents. One thing is certain: the British public are in a dangerous frame of mind; they are sick and tired of the wranglings which ruin international sport, and they are anxious to have their cricket preserved as one of the greatest games in the world. Any funny stuff, and gate-money will suffer seriously.

I'm glad, by the way, that Jack McLean, the Scottish amateur golfer, has decided to keep his amateur status. We could ill afford to lose so fine a player, though I suppose he will now abandon his projected trip to America, since he has become golf editor of a Scottish newspaper. That trip would have given him valuable experience, but there is plenty of time, for he is still only a youngster.

I was talking the other day to some of the players in the Public Schools' Rackets Competition at Queen's Club, and from their conversation I gathered, possibly quite wrongly, that the attitude towards games in the public schools is changing. When I was at school—my beard now is grey, you may imagine—the only games which really mattered were Rugby football and cricket. We played squash and fives for exercise; we ran across country to improve our wind; we boxed, if we happened to like the sport; we played some comic hockey in the Easter term. These pastimes, though, were incidental: now I gather that squash, rackets, hockey, and lawn tennis loom as large on the schoolboy's horizon as cricket and Rugby football. In my day, lawn tennis was barely considered a game: certainly it was regarded as a somewhat effeminate affair which one played with one's sisters in the summer holidays.

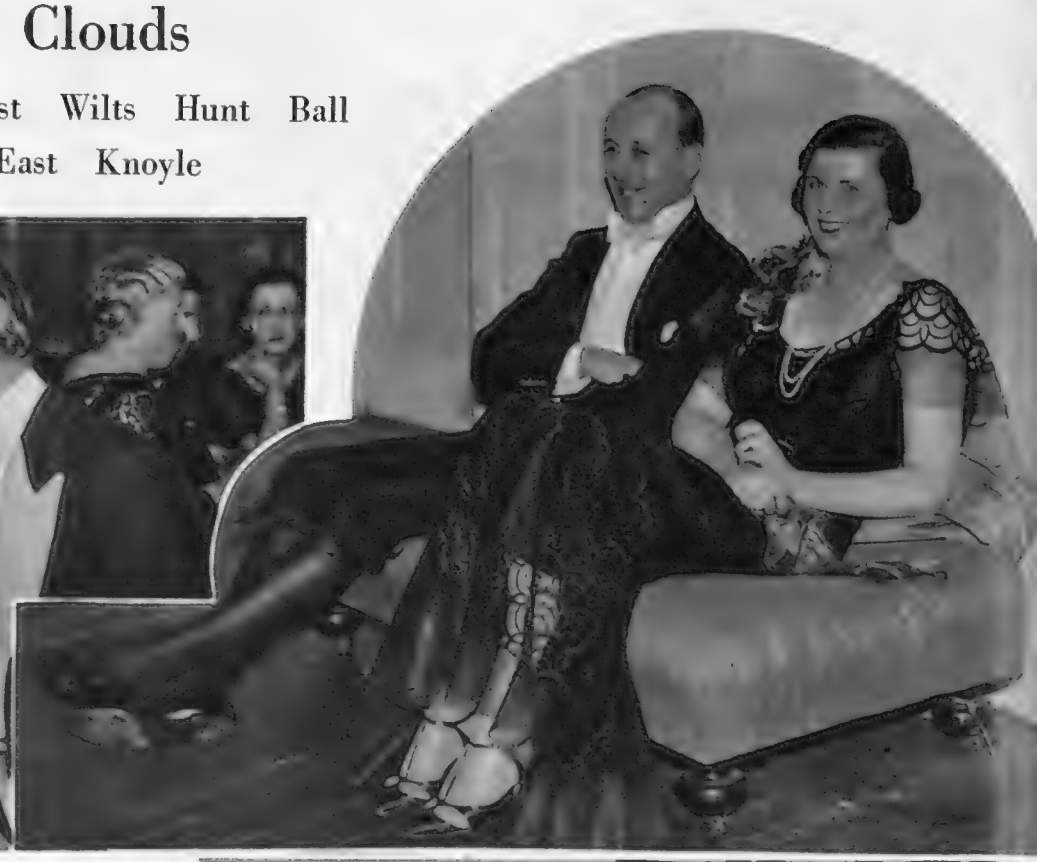
Perhaps the wider outlook is an improvement, though, personally, I regret it. I persist in thinking that boys should mainly be brought up on the more virile games, and such games, in my opinion, do not include squash, rackets, or lawn tennis.

Headingly Come to the Rectory Field

The Headingly team which played against Blackheath: M. J. Bullus, A. Mollett, S. Birkenshaw, Lieut. W. A. Butterworth, H. A. Longdon, H. Armistead, R. J. Broadbent, J. R. Sinton, J. O. Sowerbutts, J. R. Auty (Captain, holding ball), G. Gray, G. C. Graham, L. L. Bedford, J. Oldroyd, and I. Anderson. Blackheath won by 20 points to 6

In the Clouds

The South and West Wilts Hunt Ball at Clouds, East Knoyle



Above : the Duchess of Somerset and Mr. Isaac Bell, joint Master of the South and West Wilts, at supper

Above, right : Mr. Peter Wiggin and Miss Greta Turnbull taking a rest, while the photographer gets busy

Right : a party who were at the Hunt Ball at Clouds included Miss L. Tyrwhitt Drake, Miss R. Livingstone-Learmonth, Miss R. Greig, and Miss Duff; Mr. W. G. Cunningham, Captain Wesley Watson, Colonel Goddard, and Captain Sangster

Above : the Duke of Somerset and the Hon. Mrs. Vanneck, Lord Huntingfield's sister-in-law, sitting out together

Right : Mr. Cooke Hurle discussing his programme with Miss Anne Hankey and Miss A. Langton

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

English Prospects

The Rugby Trial at Twickenham

A pass-out by the Possibles frustrated by the Probables, who are to be seen playing in white. The Probables won by twenty-one points to twelve, after a rather unconvincing display

The Probables Team

Standing, left to right: W. H. Weston, C. Slow, B. C. Gadney, D. A. Kendrew, R. J. Longland, D. W. Burland, T. Harris, S. R. Couchman, P. C. Alexander, H. A. Constantine, Referee, Mr. H. L. V. Day; sitting, left to right: H. A. Fry, C. C. Tanner, H. G. Owen-Smith, A. L. Warr, and G. G. Gregory. A further picture will be found on page 28

I CRAVE—how I detest the phrase!—your indulgence. It is no easy matter to write a Rugby football article on Boxing Day. Apart from the hang-over, Rugby football on Boxing Day seems out of perspective. Why be serious at this season of the year; and, anyway, who cares? I'm prepared, then, to be gay, festive, light-hearted, what you will; but forget that stuff on Rugby football, and see what happens. It fades; wilts; the laugh is on us: we are, in short, drained immediately of our natural buoyancy and good humour. It just will not work: there's not a smile in Rugby football to-day.

PERHAPS the atmosphere of inconclusive muddling which clung round the second Trial match at Twickenham is still with me: perhaps the prospect of the final Trial match next Saturday, at Twickenham, weighs me down unduly. But there, let us count our blessings, and the moment J. J. Heaton, the Liverpool University centre, is decidedly one of them.

Heaton made the second Trial look like a football match now and again, and his running in the second half made the crowd rise to him and cheer. A useful, competent, promising centre, this Heaton, though it is early yet to start backing him for immortality. Still, he has already done enough for a reasonable pinch of glory; by the time you read this the Selectors will have overcome their natural hesitancy and have given to a waiting world the final Trial teams. And if J. J. Heaton is not in the England three-quarter line I will consider the possibility of eating my hat.

THE player who has my sympathy, though, is P. C. Alexander. The cognoscenti declare him to be the best attacking centre in England: the Selectors have agreed to the point of playing him in the first two Trials. At Birkenhead he played behind completely flattened Possible forwards and had no chance; then, dash my wig if he didn't find himself, on the Probables side at Twickenham, behind routed forwards again. A tough break, Alexander, but there it is. At the moment it seems likely that Novis and Heaton will be the England centres, with Cranmer as a runner-up.

Cranmer is a good player, there is no doubt of that. He gave the one perfectly timed and delivered pass of the afternoon in the second Trial, and in everything he does he has the true footballer's rhythm.

PERHAPS you may accuse me of exaggerating about that pass, but the standard of passing just now is lamentable. Players flick the ball away anyhow, and generally much too soon. The elementary arts of the game—what a gloomy fellow I am, to be sure!—need a powerful lot of polish just now. And I won't—for you must be sick of it—say anything about modern scrummaging, save that it is crude, clumsy, inefficient and, if you will forgive the apparent absurdity, non-existent. Not so absurd, though, when carefully thought out.

THE annoying thing is that there are some grand forwards about; Marine Webb, for example, is as tough, hard-working and altogether satisfactory a second-row man as we have had since the war. P. C. Hordern, too, is a rampageous one, a back-row forward of fine vintage, and D. Kendrew is outstandingly good in the front row. Then there is R. E. Prescott, who, unfortunately, missed the second Trial, a young back-row player with class stamped all over him, who is just running into his best form.

I THINK, indeed, that the England pack will be up to snuff when we face the Welshmen at Cardiff, but will it do more than heel in the tight, and roar around in the loose? Within these limits the modern pack works: no straight shoving, no wheeling, no subtlety.

AND who will take a bet about the England half-backs? I put my money on B. C. Gadney and W. Elliott as the chosen pair, for I've seen nothing this season to suggest that they are not the best pair we have. Slow had his moments at Twickenham, and so did Meadows, but they were few and far between. Elliott, on the other hand, rang the bell at Birkenhead Park with a considerable clang.

Centres, I don't know—Novis and Heaton, perhaps—and wings, maybe Booth and Warr. Not a bad bunch altogether: the trouble is that we could probably pick another quartet which would be just as likely to do well. Alexander and Cranmer in the centre, for example, with Tanner and Aarvold.

Going further away from the scrummage, I wonder why the Selectors have passed over H. Boughton, the Gloucester full-back? Boughton may not appear to be fast, but he has a sense of position, and he understands full-back tactics more thoroughly than most men.

I EMERGE, then, from this penance somewhat encouraged. More than that, the English prospects look definitely good to me. All that is necessary is for the Selectors to decide upon a definite plan of campaign, and stick to it. We've good enough players to do the rest.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The British and American Professional

Hindhead Golf Club Christmas Meeting

Top : F. J. Christensen and G. H. W. Hartcup at the fourth tee

Middle : D. M. Anderson and W. Pelmore going to the fifth green

Bottom : J. G. Barrington Ward and H. H. Smyth waiting at the fourth tee

I NOTICE that a suggestion has been made that there should be a new professional event, to be played just before the Open Championship each year. It is suggested that this should be called the Metropolitan Open Championship, and that it should be in conditions precisely the same as the main and much more important event.

On general principles I am against the introduction of any new event into an already very much overcrowded golfing calendar, but where it is purely and simply a professional competition I am less opposed to it. There is no doubt that the additional competitive practice obtained by means of the innumerable winter events which take place throughout America does give the American professional a definite advantage over his British rival, and therefore, since competitive practice is important, it is perhaps a good thing for the British professional to have more events on championship lines in which he can compete. On the other hand, I am not one of those who say that the British professional is always suffering from bad luck when he is beaten by the American professional. Every time we hear the same old excuses dragged forth from the locker, whenever an American wins the British Open Championship. All these excuses are, without any question, merely excuses—and not explanations. The explanation, if one is going to face it, is simple enough : and that is that the average first-class American professional is, at the moment, a considerably better golfer than the average first-class British professional, and that as long as this state of affairs lasts there is little doubt that the Americans will continue to win our Championship.

IT is, to my mind, absolute nonsense to suggest that the British professional is terrified of his American opponents, and is less able to bring off a victory against them than against his own colleagues : I have heard this suggested several times, and it is pure bunkum. They are no less capable of doing so, excepting in the standard of their golf. A man, when he enters for the Open Championship, is competing, not against America, but against the three hundred-odd other competitors, whatever their nationality may be. Easterbrook, last year, would have failed just as badly had he had to beat an Englishman. He was defeated purely and simply because he was not capable, in the circumstances, of producing the right figures. He was beaten by the score of the winner, and not by the nationality of the winner. If we wish to look for an explanation, it is very different from any question of nationality : the cause of the British professional's failure to win his own Championship is merely that he lacks the application necessary to become a first-class playing professional. The Americans have increased the standard of professional play because they have taken a great deal more trouble about it. They have settled down and have practised for hours on end—they have actually worked at their job. Very few British professionals have bothered to take the trouble. Henry Cotton is a great example of a man who has—and look what he has done for himself : he is a serious rival to any American professional in any competition for which he may enter. Most of the others, no matter how important they may think themselves in this country, have no real world reputation, and I shouldn't think that an American professional, if he could be made to tell the truth on this subject and momentarily forget his usual charming manners, would say before an Open Championship that he considered as a serious danger to his chance of winning more than three or four British names.

We have the ability. There are many British professionals who could be just as good as their American rivals, but we do not seem to breed the sort of man who will take the trouble to perfect himself at his job. These may sound very hard words, but they are the plain, stark truth. I should think it is definitely within the power of almost any of our British professionals to improve their round by as much as three strokes if they would take the trouble to learn first of all to practise, particularly putting.

OF course, we do look at professional golf in this country rather differently from the way they do over there, across the Atlantic. The British professional is expected to serve his club in a different way to that of the American. Whereas our man must keep a shop going at his club, must be in personal attendance for by far the largest part of the year, must attend to giving lessons, and so forth, the American professional keeps assistants for those purposes, and his business is to bring reflected glory on the club to which he is attached, by going round and playing in all the tournaments and, if possible, making a great name for himself by victories.

But although all this sounds awfully pretty on paper and in words during discussion, it frankly isn't very much of an excuse. During the winter time there are many hours at odd times of the day when a professional has nothing to do. He should be out then on the green practising his putting ; he should be out on a secluded fairway practising the rest of his game ; he should work his full percentage of hours a day, whether he be giving lessons or improving his playing ability, just the same as a clerk in an office must of necessity work just that same number of hours a day. If he doesn't, all that he is doing is to waste his time . . . and how long would a clerk last in his office if he wasted a similar amount of time ? No ; I have very little sympathy with those who make excuses for British professional golf. There are no reasonable excuses to be made. The fact is perfectly simple : the Americans are better than ourselves, and therefore deserve to win our Championships, and that for one reason only—that they are really *professional* golfers, with the application necessary to success in any profession.

JANUARY, 1934

1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Manchester and Baldoyle.
Hockey. Lancashire v. Surrey Cheshire v. Middlesex

2nd **Racing.** Manchester
Hockey. Lancashire v Middlesex.
Field Trials. Southern Counties Gundog League (Spaniels), Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.
Exhibitions. Dairy and Ice Cream, Olympia.
Hunt Ball. Brecon

3rd **Racing.** Worcester.
Field Trials. Southern Counties Gundog League (Spaniels), Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.

4th **Racing.** Worcester
Hockey. R.A.F. v. Lincolnshire, Cranwell.

5th **Racing.** Gatwick and Haydock Park.
Galas. Publicity Club of London, Grosvenor House. Suffolk County Ball, Bury St. Edmunds.
Field Trials. Labrador Retriever Club, Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.

6th **Racing.** Gatwick and Naas.
Rugby (Union). England v. The Rest. Welsh Trial Match, Cardiff. Upper Clapton v Streatham. United Services v. Blackheath.
Rugby (Northern). Leigh v. St. Helens. Wakefield v. Huddersfield. Oldham v. Warrington.
Assoc. Football. Arsenal v. Sheffield W. Newcastle U. v. Leeds U.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Brondesbury. Blackheath v. Old Felstedians.
Amateur Boxing. Portslade B.C., Town Hall, Hove, Sussex

8th **Racing.** Leicester
Hunt Balls. Berkeley and Ledbury Hunt, Gloucester

9th **Racing.** Leicester

10th **Racing.** Lingfield Park
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton
Golf. 27 Holes Competition, Hadley Wood, near London.
Hockey. R.A.F v Civil Service, Uxbridge.

11th **Racing.** Lingfield Park
Amateur Boxing. Metropolitan Police Championships, Royal Albert Hall
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

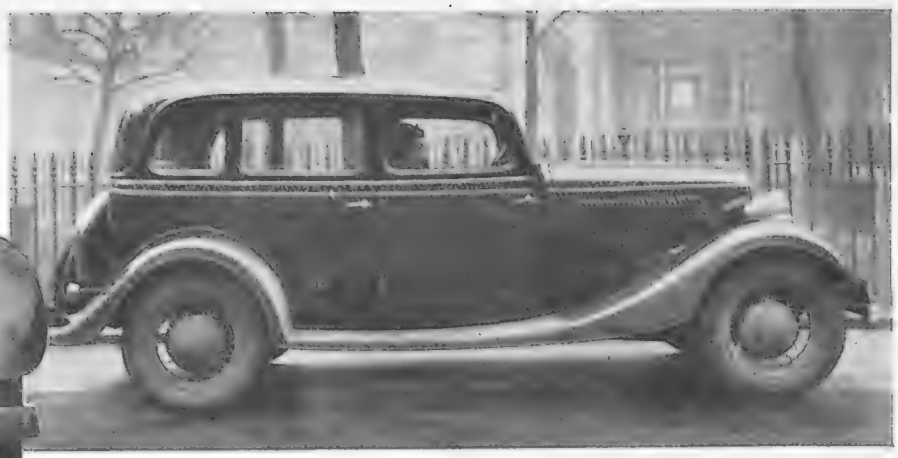
12th **Racing.** Windsor.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

13th **Racing.** Windsor.
Hockey. R.A.F. v. Southgate. Blackheath v. Staines. Wimbledon v. Beckenham. North v. East, Doncaster
Amateur Boxing. London Midland A.C., Stadium Club, London
Rugby (Union). Aberavon v. Pontypool. Upper Clapton v Nuneaton. United Services v. Richmond.
Rugby (Northern). Halifax v Salford. Leeds v. Bramley. Barrow v. London Highfield.
Assoc. Football. 3rd round F.A. Cup. R.A.F. v. Marlow Romford v. Uxbridge.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

15th **Racing.** Birmingham.
Amateur Boxing. Lynn B.C., Walworth, London.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The radiator has been re-designed in the modern style, giving a well-balanced and harmonious front view. It will be seen that twin horns are provided



The new "V-8" Ford is a substantial car, with comfortably roomy coachwork. Its new "lines" are distinctly attractive and graceful

Cars with a Personality

The New "V-8" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

A YEAR or two ago, when the "V-8" Ford was first introduced, it was hailed almost universally as a revelation in high-powered, low-priced car design. In my opinion, it is so still. I do not know where one can find any other car, selling at less than £300, capable of a road performance so thoroughly impressive as that of the latest "V-8" Indeed, there are few cars, selling at no matter what price, with which this Ford model cannot hold its own under everyday, give-and-take conditions.

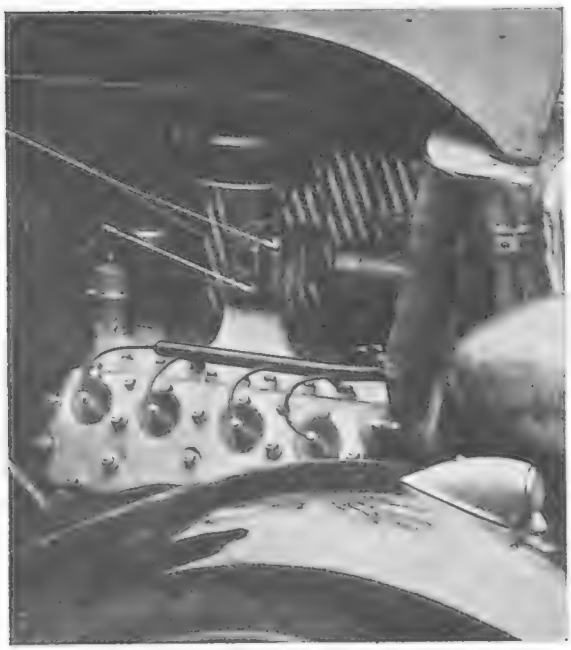
The bare figures to some extent suggest this. The "V-8" was originally designed to do 60 m.p.h. in second, and 80 m.p.h. in top gear. It has now been "speeded up" to give an extra 5 m.p.h. in each instance. Far more important, however, is the tremendous power of acceleration which the car possesses. Between, let us say, 10 and 60 m.p.h., there is probably no standard car which gathers its speed more swiftly.

The secret of it all, of course, is the exceptionally high power-weight ratio which has been achieved—in other words, the great power developed by the eight-cylinder 30-h.p. engine in relation to the lightness and compactness of the chassis and coachwork. Only three forward gears are employed—and the car does not need more, having both speed and flexibility in the high second ratio. Synchro-mesh mechanism, incidentally, makes gear-changing, when required, sure and simple.

AN interesting springing system is employed, which proves thoroughly effective. Both front and rear springs follow traditional Ford practice in being set transversely. Road-holding is good, and there is no perceptible "rolling" on corners. The brakes are efficient, and the steering, as regards lightness and definite action, is good. To suit English tastes, however, a slightly higher steering-gear ratio might be used, and some self-centring action permitted. At present, the driver has to make several turns of the wheel both before and after a right-angle corner has been taken.

The coachwork is comfortable, without being at all elaborate. No needless expense has been lavished on upholstery or arrays of instruments, yet passengers have been well catered for in the matter of seating. There is considerably more body space than in earlier models.

Besides being supremely efficient, this Ford model can also claim to be a notably attractive car to drive. This, I think, is to a large extent due to the fact that high gear ratios are employed, which permit of the engine doing its work without indulging in the modern passion for high "revs." Efficiency alone may be appreciated, but it is doubly welcome when it is effortlessly achieved. In this, as in many other respects, the "V-8" Ford is a car which must gladden the heart of the really keen motorist.



The engine is of special interest, having two blocks of cylinders in "V" formation. Although an extremely powerful unit, it is enabled, by this design, to fit into a relatively modest space

All four doors are of comfortable width. Twin screen-wipers are fitted, as are those aids to driving, direction-indicators of the semaphore type

The coachwork is distinctly more spacious than in earlier models. Back-seat passengers may enjoy ample head-room and leg-room

Edwardian Echoes

1934 Looks Back on 1933 and 1908 at the Edwardian Party

(1) Miss Marie Symons-Jeane, Mr. Eric Cuddon, Miss Esme de Little, and Mr. Eric Lewis at supper at Grosvenor House, where the Party was held, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Miss Symons-Jeane and Miss de Little were both on the Committee

(4) Four "young-marrieds" of the nineteen-thirties who went to the Edwardian Party were Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, Mrs. Antony Acton, Mrs. John Musker, and the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman

(2) The Earl of Westmorland and Mrs. Robert Somerset; the latter took part in the Episode of 1908, for which the fashions of that year were so gloriously re-created by Mr. Victor Stiebel

(3) Mr. Russell Page talking to Lady Warrender, who also appeared in the Episode, and wore a dress of deep red velvet over cream flounces

(5) Lady Fox, Sir Giffard Fox's wife, seen dancing with Commander Bowles

(6) Lady Milbanke, was one of the "Edwardians" of the Episode of 1908; with her is Mr. Randolph Churchill

Photos by Swaebe

Music (and all That): Youth, Where Art Thou?

By "Melos"

"WHERE are the boys of the Young Brigade?" I am tempted to ask when British conductors are surveyed. With hardly an exception, our conductors (theatre, cinema, and music-hall conductors not included) are middle-aged or elderly men. Sir Thomas Beecham is over fifty and Sir Henry Wood over sixty. In the middle-aged class are Mr. Basil Cameron, Mr. Julius Harrison, who is doing admirable work down at Hastings, where he has got a really fine orchestra, Mr. Albert Coates, Dr. Boult, Sir Landon Ronald, Mr. Frank Bridge, and Sir Hamilton Harty.

Mr. Julian Clifford is comparatively a youngster, though he is bearded and rather bald. Only Mr. Michael Scott is under thirty, and though he has any amount of enthusiasm, he has yet to win his spurs. Besides, Mr. Scott is, I read, off to the West Indies to gather material for a History of Music, which will take him five years to write, though what the West Indies are likely to furnish in the way of material for a work on music I cannot imagine.

Lord Berners

Lord Berners, whose musical works include an opera, is now writing his memoirs; he is as good a writer as he is musician

WE do not, of course, want infant prodigy conductors. The late Max Darewski had been one of these. His widow (Miss Ruby Miller) tells us in her recently published autobiography that—

> "When only eight years of age, Sir Dan Godfrey invited him to conduct his own orchestra at Bournemouth in one of the child's own compositions. There were one hundred and fifty in that orchestra, and Max conducted them with the ease of a veteran. At the age of nine he conducted the massed bands at the Crystal Palace in one of his own compositions. The bands consisted of five thousand men and one hundred and fifty conductors. There were over seventy thousand people in the audience."

THAT is big, not to say tall, stuff. But as Miss Miller tells us that at a private concert her late husband "played one marvellous sonata *and symphony* after another," we may conclude that Max Darewski, like Habbakuk, etait capable de tout.

None the less, youngsters of eight or nine, in velvet clad, waving a baby baton at adult orchestras even smaller than Bournemouth's 150—a number which must, I fancy, have surprised Sir Dan himself—smacks too much of showmanship, and it is well that such phenomena are no longer in the public eye. What we want are a few clever young conductors round about thirty who show qualities which make it probable that one day they will step into the shoes of Beecham and Wood. I can, at the moment, think of only one—Mr. John Barbirolli, who is now busy with a Scottish orchestra in Edinburgh; Yvonne Arnaud, the actress, was his solo pianist the other day, playing the Schumann A minor Concerto.

The Conductor—Film Version *Peter North*

A study of Brian Aherne, the film actor, as he appears in the part of Lewis Dodd, the leading man in the film version of "The Constant Nymph," recently made by Gaumont-British at Shepherd's Bush

SERIOUS musical activity slows down somewhat at the holiday season, the only large-scale events in London being carol concerts and oratorio performances. But I heard the Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir—the Stock Exchange is by way of being exceptionally musical just now—give an excellent concert, one item being Webbe's "Discord, Dire Sister." Witty comment, based on such a title, would be quite out of place, since this was sung very well indeed, without any hint of the discordant.

The chorus is, of course, amateur, but Mr. Norman Allin had been engaged, and sang some operatic arias in a way that made one realise what a vast pity it is that British opera is such a frail plant and can offer this superb bass only occasional employment in the work for which he is most fitted. In Wagner he is the equal of any German in such rôles as Hagen and Hunding, and I only trust he will be singing them at Covent Garden next summer.

POLISH music is comparatively little known, though Polish executant musicians, from the great Paderewski downwards, abound. It was interesting, therefore, to hear in London some of the compositions of Ludomir Rozycki, who is a modern of the Romantic school. That is to say, he does not deal in atonality, or any sort of oddity, and has no sympathy with such men as Berg, Hindemith, or Schönberg in Germany, or with "Les Six" in France. He does not despise melody nor writing in pre-war form; if he has any affinities at all I would say that they are Rachmaninoff and the earlier Scriabin.

I would like to hear his piano concerto again. On this occasion it was played on two pianos, M. Niedzielski being the soloist and the composer doing his best with an arrangement of the orchestral portion. This is never satisfactory. But here is obviously a work of merit. Mme. Makushina sang some of M. Rozycki's charming songs.

Christmas Holiday Films

Comedy and Lewis Carroll

"Turkey Time"

Mary Brough, Tom Walls, and Ralph Lynn in a scene from the film version of "Turkey Time," one of the most popular of the Walls-Lynn Aldwych farces. This seasonably named picture has been having a Christmas run at the Capitol

"Aunt Sally"

The musical-comedy film at the Tivoli is good, clean fun for the Christmas holidays, and having Cicely Courtneidge in it, it is really good fun. In this photograph she has got Sam Hardy, the American actor, and a few telephones for company

"Alice in Wonderland"

Above: Alice (Charlotte Henry) having her peculiar conversation with the hookah-smoking Caterpillar. Right: Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. This delightful—and faithful—reproduction for the screen of the two Lewis Carroll books is being shown at the Plaza, and all the Paramount cinemas

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

William and Belinda

By A. G. Macdonell

IF a book is extravagantly praised by important personages, about 80 per cent. of the reading public dashes off and puts it down on their library list, while the other 20 per cent. approach it with an extra-special amount of caution and suspicion. A case of the sort has just occurred. It was Mr. Somerset Maugham, I think, who started the praising of Lord Sudley's *William, or More Loved Than Loving* (Collins; 6s.); and Sir John Squire spoke so highly of it that I for one crept up to the slender little book—it only contains sixty-two pages—in the sort of attitude that a citizen of Kenya might adopt towards a sabre-toothed tiger that is suffering from indigestion. In other words, the big men hit the big drum so hard that I was put off. I have now read the book through three times, and each time my amazement has grown at the volume and vigour of the drumming. *William* is a very neat and pleasant little book. It contains much gentle and unassuming wit. It is very nicely written, and it easily helps you to pass a twenty minutes. Also, there is a relief in finding a writer who makes the pendulum swing so far back from the mammoth novel that he offers you ten pages for a shilling. But to suggest that this is one of the most brilliant, amusing, witty books of the year is to do Lord Sudley a grave disservice. It needs some courage—or some people might say it was vaingloriousness or impertinence—to differ so sharply from men who are so eminently at the head of our profession. But, in an age when John Collier, Bevan Wyndham Lewis, and Peter Fleming are doing their stuff, Lord Sudley will need to fire heavier guns if his salvoes are to disturb the atmospherics. The "blurb" is in the grandest tradition of that fine old art, when it says that *William* "has the moral force of Bacon's most pungent essays." The illustrations—in the absence of evidence one way or the other, I assume them to be drawn by Lord Sudley himself—are delightfully witty. Not even Mr. Nicholas Bentley can convey more poignant emotions with such economy of line.

IT is not usual to review the reprint of a book, but sometimes there are exceptional cases, and Mr. Hilare Belloc's cheap edition of *Belinda* (Constable; 3s. 6d.) is certainly one of them. This enchanting "tale of Affection in Youth and Age" is not nearly so well known as it ought to be—how Belinda Montgomery was wooed by Horatio Maltravers, and how the wicked lawyer caused the venal governess to intercept the letters of the young lovers, and how all came right in the end, and "tried as by fire, torn asunder, rejoined, they attained at last to wedded felicity under an ancestral roof, until, after the brief accidents of this our mortality, they were united forever in Paradise." Mr. Belloc's magic wand can conjure up the spirit of the eighteen-thirties, with their coaches and their Martaguaises and their splendid decorum, just as easily as he can thunder out his battle-pieces of split dialectical hairs on ancient theological controversies.

"CREDITORS AND HOW TO ESCAPE THEM" (John Lane; 3s. 6d.) is an anonymous work, and I have done much brain-cudgelling to try to identify the author. For it is obviously an old hand, an expert in the art of stringing words together, so that they make pretty patterns and pretty sounds. I thought at one time it might be Mr. Belloc himself, until I came to a story about Talleyrand which was simply ascribed to "a Frenchman." Mr. Belloc would never have done that. I should very much like to know, for the author can do even more than write English. He can be very amusing as well. He takes us through the whole business of dealing with creditors. He touches on such matters as post-dated cheques, the extraordinarily tricky art of making new creditors—an art which is of extreme importance if the insubstantial fabric of debtordom is to be maintained at all—and the technique of getting on such good terms with an expensive restaurant that they allow you to sign the bill. Then he has some deep words of wisdom on the subject of playing poker with bailiffs. Our author is strongly against it. Bailiffs, apparently, are always certain that you are bluffing, and once you have mastered this elementary fact you can take their money every time, and this only antagonises them. It is far more profitable, in the long run, to make friends with them, especially if you are contemplating "shooting the moon," i.e., flitting in the small hours with all your furniture. The almost unbelievable methods of our great banks are dealt with, but they are so amazing that no ordinary layman can understand them and it is better to pass on to such debtors as the ones who make camiknickers to sell to their friends and get paid in advance and then forget to deliver the goods, or the ones who cannot pay their telephone bills, or who are involved in a quarrel with the Gas, Light and Coke Company. The author knows all about all of them, and even is considerate enough to include an appendix of "Tips from the Stable for the Forthcoming Year of Insolvency," which is full of useful information, such as: "June. On or before Midsummer, which is again Quarter Day, much shooting of the moon is done. (The moon being at the full on the 27th day of the month at precisely eight minutes past 5 a.m.)" He winds up with a facsimile reproduction of the tomb-stone, in a London cemetery, of King Theodore of Corsica, who was a champion among debtors and ended up by having to give up all rights, such as they were, in his kingdom to pacify the bloodhounds.

Viscount Sudley

The elder son of the Earl of Arran, whose book, "William, or More Loved Than Loving," is reviewed on this page

"WITH THE GUARDS WE SHALL GO" (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.) is a record of part of the Crimean War based on the letters of one Colonel Strange Jocelyn, written home from that ill-fated peninsula. The letters themselves are quite fairly interesting, if not sensationally illuminating. It was not a war that lent itself to sensationalism, with the exception of the cavalry-attack at the place called after the knitted woolly helmet. It was more a feverish and heroic contest of the British rank-and-file against the hideous inefficiency of the War Office, and the gross incompetence of their senior officers. *With the Guards* is collected and edited by Mabell Countess of Airlie, and it cannot be said that she has done her part even as well as the gallant Colonel. It is absurd to make the disorganisation of the Army in 1853 an argument against a Reduction of Armaments in 1933. And patches of grand purpureous writing should not be lightly undertaken by any except the most experienced of authors. Handled as Lady Airlie handles them, they become rather comical. It is also a pity that so handsomely got up a volume should be marred with misprints. Surely everyone knows that Wellington's classic siege was not directed against a town called Badagos, and surely there ought to have been an index. But perhaps this is unduly captious criticism, for anyone who rescues and publishes contemporary documents of great events is worthy of praise.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Rockwell, Paris

A LIGHT-COLOURED woollen suit with an unusual arrangement of the revers has leather buttons and belt. This charming suit for the South is a Marcel Rochas model

FOR travelling nothing could be neater than this Bruyère coat of grey and natural striped wool, which has a fitting shoulder cape and is tied with a red crêpe-de-Chine scarf

Sincerely
E. Hodgkin

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

APPARENTLY furs were not created at the same time as animals; as a child I was taught that fur was the skin of some member of the animal family, but it seems that, like a great many other things I learned and believed, it is incorrect. I am now told that so-and-so is showing a "new" fur (does cross-breeding of an original variety take place in exquisite Rue de la Paix salons during the "dead" season?), and very often the results would greatly surprise the original members of the exclusive Ark Club.

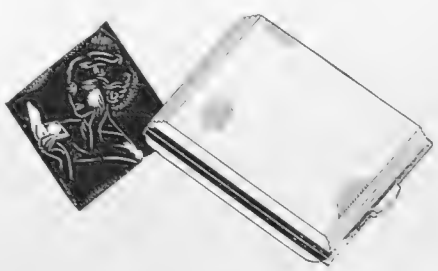
There was a horrible moment a few seasons ago when foxes got dyed green, blue, or even pink, and although I am personally addicted (sounds like a drug) to pink, and think it is a lovely colour, of which one can hardly have too much, I think one should except foxes. And noses. Now the tendency is towards the opposite extreme, and we no longer dye our hair platinum blonde or our sealskins black. Natural seal, with its honey-brown sheen, is smart this year. (Mrs. Woolley Hart wears a coat of this.) foxes are cross, but not blue, and sable, is sable-coloured. But we do dye our ermines and squirrels. Those gay little chaps which I feed with crumbs when I spend my Saturday afternoons in Regent's Park trying, in vain, to learn German, would be hard put to it to recognise their wilder cousins after the metamorphosis which fashion demands. The best colour is a Beggarstaff brown, but Debenham's have a lovely coat dyed almost a lavender beige, one of the most becoming shades I've ever seen and guaranteed to make your skin look clear and transparent which is more than can be said of most furs. Savager skins seen on smart people include Lady Mount Temple's civet-trimmed black coat; the Viscountess de Montblanc's leopard sports coat; Mme. Suzanne Talbot's wrap of panther; and that lovely cape of the Countess de Robilant's which has bands of silver-fox running diagonally all over it. Really grand wraps include the ever-lovely Lily Elsie's chinchilla cape, and Lady Furness's likewise, which looks superb when worn with a luminous rose-red velvet gown and long black velvet gloves. She and Mrs. Claude Leigh share the honours of wearing coronets of plaited hair which is their own, and not a horrid bandeau of false braids; and how beautifully this style suits both of them.

THERE is no reason why this dissertation on fur should be illustrated by a picture of a pair of panties, but every reason why the said panties should be acquired by all women who value their waistlines. They are one of my best finds. You wear them while exercising, or at any other time if you will, for they are made of the finest silk and elastic, fit like the proverbial glove, can never roll over or shift about, and eliminate entirely the anguish of trying to moor a creeping-up belt to one's stockings by suspenders which spoil the line of every evening gown. Worn while you are exercising (or even under a bathing-dress if your figure isn't all it should be), they will help you to reduce in no time, are excellent for sports wear, and as comfortable as can be. If you try one, you'll never want to be without one again.

THE coat and skirt shown on the upper right-hand corner of this page is for your benefit. It is just to tell you that Bernard Weatherill is making this single-breasted model with an inverted box-pleat in the skirt in lots of lovely tweeds and suitings for 10 guineas. You'll want one this spring, and it wouldn't look so amiss under your fur or camel's-hair coat right now.

THE vanity-box at the bottom of the page is merely to excite your envy. It was a Christmas present to me and aren't you jealous? Except that, if you do want one (they're not expensive, remember it's the thought not the value of the present which matters), I will, if you ask me nicely, tell you where they can be obtained. It's made of dull silver, opens easily, has a powder-container separate from its puff, and a get-at-able lip-stick, also a good-size mirror. Can be had with a blue, red, or green border and puff to match. I know you'd like it.

M. G.



THE charming drawing on the left of the opposite page shows a new model for the Riviera from Woollands. It is made of heavy, pale green crêpe with hand-worked seams and the draped bodice buttons down the back

A NEW Rose Descat hat, to be found at Woollands, is made of brown antelope. It turns back abruptly from the face and is trimmed with little pads of rust-coloured feathers

Six times Lancashire Champion, once Miss Beryl Brown, now Mrs. Humphrey Newton. The bride and bridegroom were present at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House

Mrs. Pollitt, who not long ago returned the fine score of 66 net when playing on the Worsley Golf Club Links

Who said Langholm had one of the highest rainfalls in Scotland? At all events, it does not seem to have damped the spirits of Miss M. Pithie or Miss J. Graham when they won by some very good play "Bystander" prizes from all the rest of the club

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

AT last I can give you a morsel of authentic news about the British party in South Africa. Anything that has reached me so far has been in private letters, and therefore could not be quoted here; the players themselves have all been muzzled, so far as the Press goes, until they are back in this country. Hence the almost unbroken silence which has reigned over the doings of Miss Gourlay, Miss Fishwick, Miss Plumpton, and Miss Pentony, captained by Miss Doris Chambers, since they sailed at the end of September.

Now I can tell you at first hand, from somebody who watched some of their early rounds in the Cape Town neighbourhood, that these four—one might say five, though Miss Chambers, as an old friend, had done it before—have won everybody's heart. Not a word of criticism has been breathed against any of them; only praise, both of their play and their personality. Their golf, apparently, has been a revelation. Not so much the tee shots, perhaps, but the great power and wonderful control of the second shots, have set South African golfers thinking very hard, and asking, too, how it was done. Miss Gourlay, having impressed them as the steadiest of the party, came in for the most earnest catechising, and seems to have been wonderful at telling the seekers after knowledge just what they wanted to know. And withal, they have given an impression of complete modesty about their golf, coupled with real friendliness—as well they might have—towards all the many kind folk with whom they were thrown in contact. At the Cape, apparently, they all putted very badly, and again at Durban; but they did better at Mowbray, and Miss Plumpton was picked out, quite rightly, as a very beautiful striker of the ball upon the green. She seems also to have been striking it pretty effectively from the tee; I was told of her finding the green with her tee shot on one of Mowbray's famous shorter holes, which measures 287 yards. That sounds stupendous, but I suppose the rare atmosphere does make quite an

News from South Africa and Lancashire

appreciable difference to the flight of the ball; at least, I seem to remember being thus instructed in the far-off days when I was one of the world's workers in the L.G.U. office, and had to deal with fixing the pars of newly affiliated South African clubs. At first, Miss Fishwick hardly did herself justice: she appeared to be suffering badly from an inferiority complex, but later she found her form.

AT all events, our team, sent by the generous contributions of clubs and golfers all over the Kingdom, have evidently made a great impression on their kind hosts and hostesses. Some fourteen hundred people turned out to watch the match between our four and a team of men, when Miss Gourlay put up a particularly great round.

My informant told me that to entertain a British team had been the dearest wish of the South African golfers for many a long day; it is good to think that they have not been disappointed either of the visit, or with the quality of the golf shown them.

I fancy, when the team are back—as they will be in a week's time—that they, for their part, will have an enormous amount to say about the unbounded kindness and hospitality which has been showered upon them—dinners and dances, glorious picnics in country of a grandeur which they had hardly imagined, much less seen, and all the time the genuine welcome and admiration of hosts and hostesses bent on making them enjoy themselves, and delighted to see that they had succeeded.

These sort of things do count in Imperial relations, more than one can say. I only wish the B.B.C. would get one of the five to broadcast an account of their tour, for I feel quite sure that it could do nothing but good to the cause of Imperial unity and women's golf. Perhaps they will.

I HAVE been hearing a good deal about Lancashire's county affairs, which seem to be on a very sound financial basis, though I dare say they would very gladly sacrifice some of that £300 balance of theirs in the bank, or even their profit of £42 10s. 3d. on last year's working, to see themselves in County Finals again. They have not been there since 1924, when they nearly brought off a major thrill, for Miss Beryl Brown took Miss Wethered to the 19th green before losing. I apologise: I must learn to call her Mrs. Humphrey Newton. Her wedding has been one of the great events of Lancashire golf this year, and the County Association's wedding-present to her took a delightful form. She has six times won the County Championship, but the challenge bowl carries no replica with it, only a much-prized gold medal. So the Association had an exact replica of the bowl made, and gave it to her. I should be prepared to bet that original and replica will meet under the same roof before many more names are added to the roll.

FORMBY, one of Mrs. Newton's clubs, is greatly in the limelight. Not only did they win the Scratch Inter-Club Shield of the county for 1933, which gave excuse for Miss D. I. Clark, their captain, to entertain the team to a delightful dinner, but they have the honour for 1934 of being captained by Lady Derby. Lord Derby has accepted captaincy of the men's club, a very pleasant way of celebrating its jubilee.

Lancashire is one of the very few counties entitled to two representatives on the L.G.U. executive, this owing to their enormous membership, which, in turn, springs from a very small individual subscription. Miss D. I. Clark and Mrs. Philip Hodson—who captained Great Britain against France last June—will be these representatives for 1934.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

P.S.—And very pleasant news it is: Wentworth are going to welcome "The Bystander" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes on Tuesday, April 10th.

There is something else between

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Putting Travel on a Higher Plane: By Charles Ward

At Heston, off the Great West Road

I CAN recommend Heston as an airport of call. Fuel for man, woman, or machine is excellent, and no one need complain of cold in the club buildings, for the new type of oil burner which consumes almost anything liquid except water, diffuses a comfortable glow throughout Two recent recruits to the Heston School are Mr. A. N. T. Rankin and his wife, Lady Jean Rankin, a daughter of Lord Stair. Mr. Rankin is a naturalist and photographer who has taken up flying after watching how the birds do it for many years. Baron Wangenheim has completed his course for a commercial pilot's licence, and is believed to be the first German to obtain a British certificate. I understand that the Banco luxury ship, christened three times by Miss Benita Hume a week or so ago, is to be used on a fortnightly service to Sestrieres during the winter, after which it will be transferred to the Le Touquet run when the weather gets more pleasant for golf and gambling. The complete trip to the Italian Alpine resort takes twelve hours, the return fare of £19 comparing favourably with the second-class railway fare, including sleepers, at £18 5s. The 'plane is fitted with wireless and all the usual offices, whilst cabin arrangements include a kind of settee which allows a wide gangway at the entrance. It is comforting to know that one can lie down if overcome by sleep! Imperial Airways' flying-boats on the Mediterranean crossing have a similar three-seat divan at the rear of the cabin, which is much in demand for the same reason. The new landplanes being built by Short Brothers for the Paris service are also very broad in the beam, so in time we shall have the same difficulties in the air with passengers, and their feet taking more than their fair share of space, as we get on Continental trains.

The Cataract Hotel, Assouan, built on the sands of the Nile, is a tourist resort during the winter months. Imperial Airways' service to Egypt operates twice a week, and there is an air-liner which stops at Assouan leaving London every Wednesday

Underneath the Palm Trees

THE result of the Oases Circuit Race was a win for Mr. Lindsay Everard, whose Dragon was piloted by Mr. W. D. MacPherson, and the special prize for speed was won by Mr. G. Robson, flying a Gull with a Napier "Javelin" engine, at 140 miles an hour. This is very satisfactory for the British contingent, which was considerably depleted en route to Egypt, only five machines arriving on time out of nineteen

(Continued on page ii)

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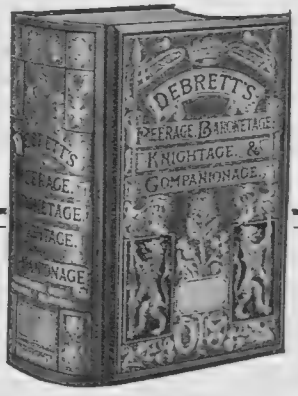

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Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE

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Putting Travel on a Higher Plane

(Continued from page 44)

entries, owing principally to shocking weather across Europe. Mr. S. B. Cliff got through all right with his new cabin-type Hawk; also Mr. Randolph's Gull, Mr. W. D. Campbell's Avro 626, and Squadron-Leader Soden, who is on the Air Staff in Jerusalem, flying his private Puss Moth. Seventeen French owners turned up, but mostly from Algeria, so that they did not have European fogs to negotiate. Nearly all the French machines were highly coloured Caudrons, although one pilot had a Fox Moth. An Egyptian girl, Mlle. Lutfia el Nadi, who was trained at the Airwork School at Almaza, and is the first woman pilot of her nationality, was first in the race from Cairo to Alexandria and back, flying a Gipsy Moth. Aviation in Egypt itself has advanced tremendously during the past year, mostly as a result of the concessions to Misr-Airwork, which company runs services down the Nile supplementary to the Imperial Mail. The Hon. F. E. Guest, Mr. Vanderbilt, and H.E. Sir Percy Loraine are amongst the passengers who have made use of these facilities. According to Shell Aviation News, a special charter flight to the Hedjaz has been carried out, the object being to make arrangements for the transport of pilgrims by air to Mecca. The party landed at Jeddah, having flown by way of Tor, Wej, and Yanbo, fascinating place-names that have been discovered by inquisitive pilots in search of landing grounds.

Two Airspeed "Couriers" awaiting test at Hanworth. This type and a later model with two engines are much fancied for the Australian race, to be decided in October, as they are the fastest British civil machines actually in production

American Power

THE Lindberghs have completed the most remarkable flight of the year; 30,000 miles in a seaplane, including a double crossing of the Atlantic, and much travel over land. Apart from the human element, and certainly Lindbergh and his wife are in the front rank as air voyagers, the most interesting performance is that of the 715-horse-power Wright Cyclone engine, and the variable pitch propellor. The engine ran faultlessly, in spite of the fact that it started the journey via the Arctic and was whisked down South to sub-tropical zones within the space of a few days. Lindbergh and Wright engines have made history together, for he used a 220-horse-power Whirlwind on his first trip into the limelight, when he flew the Atlantic solo, and a small Cyclone for the journey to Japan and China across Alaska, and the northern Pacific. He is adviser to Pan-American Airways, and made the latest Atlantic flights to gather data for regular trans-ocean services. American machines and engines are gaining in popularity abroad, where their superior speed is well worth paying for when speed is the primary object of a service. Even over here, where we rather pride ourselves on the efficiency, if not the high speed of the home product, there are American machines in use. I counted six at Heston recently: Mr. Francis's Sikorsky; Lady Drummond Hay's Waco; Mr. Loel Guinness's Bellanca, two Fords and a Stinson.

The Editor's Box

M. D. Healey, a Monte Carlo Rally Competitor

The Monte Carlo Motor Rally

Entries for the thirteenth Automobile Rally closed on Christmas Eve, with a large British entry. No fewer than nine Rileys have entered, two of which are being driven by women, Mrs. Muriel Stanton and Miss D. C. N. Champney. Lord de Clifford, who has been very near winning the prize before, has entered again with a Lagonda. M. Vasselle, who has entered with a Hotchkiss, last year won the International Sporting Club Cup, the Challenge Cup of *Le Journal*, the Challenge Cup of *L'Illustration Automobile*, and the Country Club Cup. He has carried off the honours for two years in succession, but has been run close by Mr. M. D. Healey. Last year several competitors who were well in the running were beaten by huge snow-drifts, especially those who came by way of Budapest and Vienna.

Entrants for the Rally have a great many cups and prizes to compete for. M. René Léon, President of the Organising Committee, has now presented another trophy, reserved for members of the Monte Carlo Rally British Competitors' Club, to be won outright by the member who attains the highest marks for three years in succession; also the Scottish Royal Automobile Club are offering a cup to the competitor who gains the highest marks, starting from Scotland.

On the Riviera

Monte Carlo is filling up with a number of well-known people. Lord Rothermere is staying at the Hotel de Paris, accompanied by his son, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are staying with the Evelyn Fitzgeralds at their villa and are patronising the International Sporting Club, which opened with a Gala Dinner on Christmas Eve. Many people have made their headquarters at Cap d'Ail, where is the Eden Hotel, with its twelve acres of park; Cap d'Ail lies two miles out of Monte Carlo, towards Beaulieu.

A new "amenity" in the lives of English visitors to Cannes has been provided by Major Nain, who has established a factory there where Nain's Cambridge sausages are made. Every Englishman likes his sausage at breakfast now and then, and can, thanks to this enterprise, be sure of getting it—and fresh—at any big hotel in Cannes. Frenchmen, too, are said to be taking kindly to this English fashion.

Cap d'Ail and the Eden Hotel

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANGEL.—A Hungarian play which, in the Anglicised edition, becomes too artificial, but still provides a part into which Mary Newcombe can infuse the vitality and richness of her personality: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy; Ambassador's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD.—The Old Vic production, with Charles Laughton heading the cast, revived for a Christmas run: Sadler's Wells, 8.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock, and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Sadler's Wells. From Jan. 8.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Harry Welchman in a musical play, produced by Sir Nigel Playfair: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—With Helen Gilliland, Derek Oldham, and W. H. Berry: Alhambra, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON WITH THE SHOW.—A spectacular one at that, with Betty Frankiss, Patrick Waddington, Marjorie Lotinga, and a few more: Prince's, 8.15 and 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A PRESENT FROM MARGATE.—A farcical comedy with unlikely Society and would-be-Society people doing unlikely things, by Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason; Reginald Gardiner, Joyce Bland and Marda Vanne head the cast: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—A new mystery play with a murder, by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson: Embassy, 8.15.

Christmas Fare

ALF'S BUTTON.—Musical version: Kingsway

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE: Westminster. Daily 2.30, and some evenings.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Duke of York's. Matinées only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Pantomime: Scala.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Playhouse. Matinées only.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—First revival for three years: Gaiety. Twice daily, 2.30, 8.15.

CHILDREN'S REVUE: Grafton Theatre.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Victoria Palace.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—With Victoria Hopper and Leslie French: Cambridge Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—The Reluctant Dragon, King John's Christmas, and some new mimes: Rudolf Steiner Hall. Matinées.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES: Little Theatre, 2.30 and 8.15.

PETER PAN.—With Jean Forbes Robertson as Peter: Palladium. Matinées only.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Pantomime: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD'S HALL: Royalty. Matinées only.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Reginald Bach as Pew, Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy. Matinées only.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE: Wyndham's. Daily, 2.30, and some evenings.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune. Twice daily.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

First Night

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in Robert E. Sherwood's play: Lyric, to-night.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

AUNT SALLY.—A Cicely Courtneidge comedy: Tivoli.

THE BOWERY.—A three-star film, with Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper: New Gallery.

DICK TURPIN.—The highwayman's adventures make a good holiday film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVE.—Heads the special children's programme, which includes "Thy Servant the Horse," and a Dickensian fantasy: Cinema House.

I 'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West upholds Hollywood tradition by being hard-boiled and soft-hearted; "Santa's Workshop" is a new Silly Symphony: Carlton.

LADY FOR A DAY.—May Robson as an old apple-woman who becomes a Society dame for a day: Coliseum.

LA MATERNELLE.—Continues its run, with "Quartorze Juillet" in a double programme: Academy.

L'ORDONNANCE.—Another French film: Marcelle Chantal is the star: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

SITTING PRETTY.—A Hollywood musical comedy: Plaza.

TURKEY TIME.—Another Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed: Capitol.

VOLTAIRE.—George Arliss as the French philosopher: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BRITISH MUSIC CONCERTS.—Arranged by the B.B.C. and conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Landon Ronald, and Adrian Boult: Queen's Hall, Jan. 3, 5, 8, 10, 12, at 8.

CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall.

GRAND CONTINENTAL CIRCUS: Crystal Palace.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—"Hutch" (Leslie Hutchinson) sings and plays; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gwen Farrar entertains, and, at the piano, Anne de Nys; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Seversky, the Singing Pilot, is the attraction here; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies), plus some new beauties over from New York, are as dazzling as ever: Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—All-dancing cabaret; Beryl Collison's Piccadilly Eight, Cyril Rolls, acrobatic, and the Viennese pair, Eugene and Eleanor Kovary: extension night, Friday.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House, from Jan. 6.

PASTEL SOCIETY: Royal Institute Galleries, from Jan. 6.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street. Pall Mall.

SPORT

RUGGER.—England v. The Rest: Twickenham, Jan. 6.

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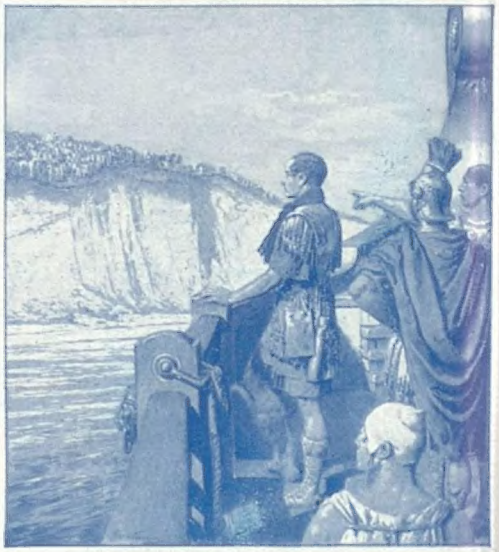
I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED—

Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

"This strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive — for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring — no matter how remotely — from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.



To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar—barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "